HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK

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HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK

PACKED WITH ACTS AND FACTS

Bernard Partridge.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK

PACKED WITH ACTS
AND FACTS

FOREWORD BY THE LATE

RT. HON. T. P. O'CONNOR
M.P.

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LONDON
ALSTON RIVERS LTD.

First Published in 1930

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
MORRISON AND GIBB LTD. LONDON AND EDINBURGH

TO
THE MEMORY OF
MY PARENTS

FOREWORD

I WAS not there, but I still have a vivid recollection of that extraordinary triumph of the young and, up to that point, entirely unknown actor; when the piece in which he played a prominent part was finished, there came from all parts of the house the somewhat strange cry of "Coffin! Coffin!" He had just swept the audience off its feet. He became there and then a great public favourite, and from that time forward he has had, with occasional lapses of unsuccessful plays, an unbroken line of triumph.

What more graceful and attractive personality has appeared on the English stage in recent years than that of Hayden Coffin? Those who were young with him will recall his gay, fascinating figure, and the charm he always brought to any character he portrayed; his handsome face, his beautiful voice, and delightful love songs will never be forgotten by any man or woman who ever had the pleasure of seeing and listening to him.

This was the explanation of the phenomenal

success of one who, after all, was a visitor from the outside world; in other words, not an Englishman but an American, and, be it added, not a professional actor by training, but a surgeon-dentist, who was about to take up the work of his father who had graduated in Baltimore, U.S.A.

Mr. Hayden Coffin is still almost in the full plenitude of his powers. Whenever he appears in public he is immediately called upon to sing one of the songs that rendered him famous and that apparently are immortal—"Queen of my Heart," from the opera *Dorothy*. He now, in his maturer years, sits down to write his book. It is modest: it is terse: it is instructive, and will explain the secret of the affection in which he has always been held by his colleagues and his friends. I have read every line of the book with pleasure and with interest.

PROLOGUE

THIS book is not intended to be an autobiography, but simply an attempt to link together some events in the professional career of the writer. It was his earnest wish to omit the "ego" altogether, but publishers refused to have anything to do with the volume under such conditions, maintaining that those to whom the book might appeal, would demand something of a more personal nature, and the writer has taken this advice. Dipping into a storehouse of memory, he has found many happy recollections of professional friends. It may be thought that there has been over-effusive praise of fellow-artists; the apology for this is perhaps best summed up in the words of Sterling Mackinlay, who speaks thus in his *Origin and Development of Light Opera*:

"To set down this list of names and to state that all these performers were in the front rank of their art, is but to emphasize the transitory glory of the actor compared with that of the composer and the playwright. . . . To those who have heard the actor or singer described in *Viva Voce* by one who has formed part of the audience,

there is still some reality attaching to the name. Once however, the magic living chain is snapped, what remains ? Therefore it is well to praise the living with an enthusiasm that may be perhaps excessive, for the long, long afterwards comes all too soon."

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CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD—OPENING OF THEATRICAL CAREER—"POCAHONTAS," 1884—"THE LADY OF THE LOCKET," 1885

THIS volume is concerned entirely with my appearance in public, but I make reference to my childhood days, because in so doing I look back across the years to the happy memories of my parents. They were American citizens. My father was a wonderful man, and I feel that here and now I should like to chronicle my tremendous admiration for his character. He had a great big heart and was universally beloved. I never saw him angry, yet he did not spare rebuke if it were necessary, but all the time one was deeply conscious that it was administered in love. Though it is a great many years since he passed away, I seem still to feel his influence, which has never failed me.

As a youngster he was employed at an early age in a bookstore in a small town in Maine, New England, and while there made the most of his opportunities, for in every spare moment he was to be found poring over anatomy books.

His great ambition was to become a doctor, but as time went on he decided to specialise on the head, and this led to dentistry. He practised for some years in Portland, Maine, and, when he had acquired sufficient means, married and, while on his honeymoon, went to Baltimore to take his D.D.S. Soon after, he brought his young wife over to England with introductions from the Principal of Baltimore College to the leading cotton merchants in Manchester, where six years later I was born. Three months after this illustrious (?) event, we migrated to London, and a few years later went back to America. This was a never-to-be-forgotten journey, taken in a sailing vessel, the *William Woodberry*, from North Shields to Boston. We were overtaken by one of the biggest storms of the period, which soon made havoc of our sturdy ship. When nearing New England, we were blown south nearly down to Florida, and it took us about ten days to beat back, the vessel having suffered much damage at the mercy of the terrible winds. All the usual sails were torn to ribbons, so the few reserves were used to help us back, and everything was in a lamentable condition when we arrived at Boston, just sixty days after leaving North Shields. The "Reuter's" of Boston thought we must be lost, as in the same hurricane a well-known steamer foundered—I believe the name was the *Morning Star*.

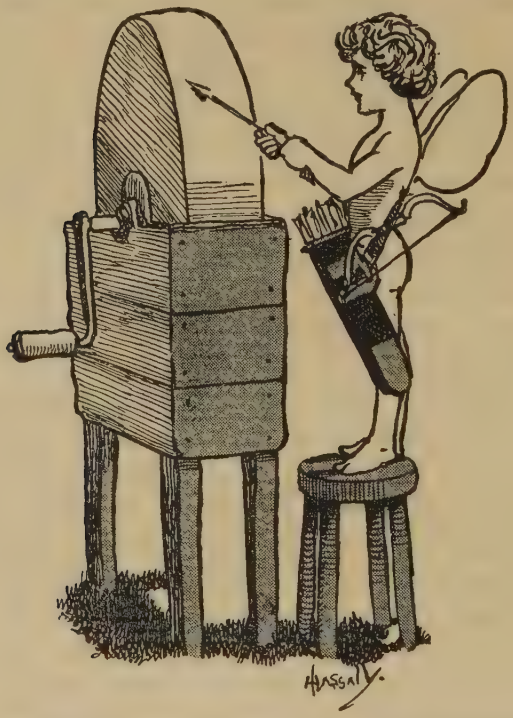
C. R. COFFIN, D.D.S.
My Father

It was during this stay in America that I made my first appearance on the amateur stage, at a children's entertainment given in Portland, Maine. There was a beautiful "set piece" of little ones resembling a pyramid, on the pinnacle of which a big star was seen. As the piece unfolded itself, the star was drawn up, revealing me perched on top. But I was not happy in my exalted position, for before going on the stage my pride had suffered a great blow. The fact was, I had made a scene at the last moment because "the management" had not given me a separate dressing-room.

In order for me to don the required costume, my mother had to undress me, and I strongly objected to this being done in the presence of the other children. However, in spite of all my struggles and protests, my mother undressed and dressed me again, wriggling my squirming limbs into the necessary garments, but instead of a proud budding "actor" it was a tear-stained, humiliated little boy that perched on the pinnacle.

My second appearance was in Lexington at some *tableaux vivants*. The scene was one of a young farmer who had gone to the grindstone to sharpen his scythe (the grindstone was of wood, covered with grey flannel !). Meeting a fair maiden there, he turned his attention to her instead of to his tools. Meanwhile Cupid had

crept to the spot and was sharpening his arrow on the grindstone. I was Cupid.



Some eight years later, Tom Thumb and his wife were appearing in Portland. I have never forgotten that afternoon, for apart from the excitement of seeing the little dwarfs, I found myself, all unconsciously, the cause of a tremendous roar of laughter from the audience.

All the children in the hall were invited to go up on the platform to shake hands with Mrs.

Tom Thumb. I remember the scene so well: steps led up from the auditorium to the platform, and each child who went up received a kiss and a handshake from the tiny lady. When it came to my turn, instead of waiting for Mrs. Tom Thumb to offer me a kiss, I bent down, put my arms round her, and gave *her* a kiss and a big hug. This elder-brotherly action gave huge

joy to the audience, for there was a tremendous roar of laughter and a great deal of clapping, which puzzled me very much at the time.

During the next few years, my parents came back again to England and settled down in Kensington. By this time my father was standing high in his profession; he was the pioneer of American dentists in England, being the first, I believe, to bring dentistry into line with surgery. The years slipped away happily. I

was sent to University College School, then in Gower Street, and when school life came to an end I began to read for medicine.

Looking back, I do not think I worked as hard as I should have done, for most of my spare evenings (unless I was dancing) were spent in going to theatres. Light opera attracted me most. I had been singing for some time at amateur gatherings and "penny readings" (the name which used to be given to entertainments often held in church schoolrooms). Such success as I achieved at these concerts I feel was largely due to Miss Edith Abell, of Boston, U.S.A., operatic singer and teacher of singing.

After one of her opera seasons in Milan she passed through London on her way back to the States, and, being an old friend of my parents, paid us a long visit. We, the younger members of the family, gained tremendously from having her with us, for she not only helped us individually with our singing, but was the means of starting small musical societies both in our home and among our friends. My voice had cracked a short time previously, and I had considerable help from her in "placing" it while she was in London, and through her influence I joined the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, of which the late Sir (then Mr.) Joseph Barnby was conductor. Being termed a *basso cantante*, I was put into the second bass. (It is my private

belief that every male newcomer was put into the second bass until he found his feet; his voice like mine being in his boots to begin with.)

I owe a great deal to the three years I spent in that choir. In the first place, there was Barnby at the head, whose wonderful leadership was a musical education in itself; then there was the advantage of getting acquainted with standard oratorios and cantatas; and in addition there was much to be gained from hearing those never-to-be-forgotten artists of the day, Albani, Patey, Antoinette Sterling (mother of Sterling Mackinlay and his famous sister Jean), Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Joseph Mars, Charles Santley, Watkin Mills, Signor Foli, and many others.

During my third year in the choir I was often absent from rehearsals, as I was cramming hard for one of my final exams, and after being warned by the genial and popular secretary, John Headley, I was finally turned out. It must be admitted that I was spending far too much time at theatres just then, to say nothing of dances. Fred Leslie was giving his wonderful performance in Planquette's and Farnie's version of *Rip Van Winkle*, which influenced my already strong leaning towards the musical stage.

The fact that my two older brothers and a brother-in-law were carrying on our father's wonderful practice, made me feel that I might reasonably break away and get work on the

musical stage, which not only appealed to me strongly, but was immediately lucrative, and as my father's health was already beginning to fail, my eldest brother's too, it was necessary to make money as soon as possible.

Through singing at so many amateur gatherings, I was lucky enough to be heard by a member of one of the D'Oyley Carte companies, who took me to see François Cellier, musical director of the Savoy Theatre, so long associated with D'Oyley Carte in his productions of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operas then running.

Obtaining an audition, and feeling cocksure of an engagement, I arrived on the stage with a fat music-case bursting with songs, thinking Cellier and the entire management would like to hear the lot.

I started off with that fine composition, "Hybrias the Cretan," one of the best songs Dr. Elliott ever wrote, but as I had the cheek to point out to Cellier that he was not playing the opening bars of the song correctly, it was scarcely surprising that he only offered me chorus work, and that on tour. It was a rebuff that I fully deserved, though I did not realise it at the time. Need it be said that the offer for tour was indignantly refused! I was really in the right

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK]

PERCY ANDERSON

about the opening bars of the song, as the manner in which it was printed deceived many of my accompanists in after years, but it was natural that a man of Cellier's experience should resent criticism from a youngster.

Nothing daunted, and with mind still running on *Rip Van Winkle*, off I went to the Comedy Theatre, where it was being played, hoping to be engaged for the title-rôle.

After singing the "yodel" song, I thought that such a rendering of it would procure me the part, or at least that of understudy, but I had no luck. However, it was not long before the chance came, and it happened in this way.

William Fullerton was writing an opera; he was the son of Judge Fullerton, an American lawyer, and had only recently come to England from Leipzig, where he had been studying music. He was a great friend of that well-known artist and designer of costumes, Percy Anderson. The two were living together in Anderson's suite of beautiful rooms, artistically furnished, in Queen Anne's Gate, where the musical and dramatic world used to gather. Anderson and I were friends, and it was through him that I came to know Fullerton. The two often gave delightful musical evenings, and on some of these occasions I made the acquaintance of many interesting and well-known people.

Among them were Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, a

very charming woman, daughter of the celebrated Mario and Grisi, Corney Grain, George Grossmith, jun., of Savoy fame, father of the present George and Lawrence Grossmith, Henry Kemble, Charles Warner, Harry Hamilton, Arthur Cecil (Blunt), John Drew, his sisters Tibbie and Georgie, the latter with her husband, Maurice Barrymore, and many others of Augustin Daly's company from New York, who were playing in London at the time at the Old Strand Theatre. I often look back on those old days, and feel I owe a great deal to Anderson's hospitality, for at his rooms I came to know many people with whom I have formed valued and lasting friendships, and then, too, it was chiefly due to his persuasion and encouragement that I accepted the offer of a good part in Fullerton's opera, *The Lady of the Locket*. The book was written by Harry Hamilton (who had so often collaborated with Cecil Raleigh in Drury Lane drama), and Anderson was designing the costumes. Except for Hamilton, we were novices : it was Fullerton's first opera, Anderson had never designed for the stage before, and as for me, I was utterly new and untried. So for the three of us it was a great venture, and we were tremendously enthusiastic and excited about it. I was very fortunate in the way in which I became acquainted with the music, as Fullerton while at work used to get me to sing not only

my own, but all the different parts. *The Lady of the Locket* was produced under the management of John Hollingshead at the Old Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, now rebuilt.

Hollingshead, having the Empire on his hands, had hoped to open with this work about Christmas 1884, but the preparations were so lengthy and elaborate that a stop-gap had to be found. The choice fell upon a comic opera, *Pocahontas*, book by Sydney Grundy, music by Edward Solomon.

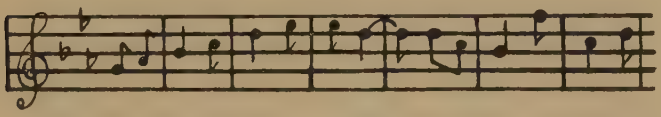
It was in this piece that I made my first appearance.

I was cast for the part of John Smith (famous in American history), and Hollingshead advised me to go and see Solomon about running through the music. I had a vision in my boyish mind of a venerable old patriarch with a long white beard, but those who knew "Teddy" will imagine the shock I received when I saw him. It so happened that a heavy cold prevented my doing myself justice at first rehearsals. I was keenly disappointed when Solomon refused to have me create the part of John Smith, and I was "degraded" to understudy. I handed back the script, and, anxious to see who would take my place, crept to the back of the dress circle; and when I saw Frank Celli walk on the stage to rehearse the part, I could not bear it, but hurried away from the theatre with a big lump in my throat. To go home and break

the bad news was impossible, so, thinking to drown my sorrows in wild dissipation, I headed for the Aquarium at Westminster (it sounds fishy, but it wasn't really, for it may be remembered that the place did not succeed as a piscatorial repository, so to keep it going the centre transept was used as a skating rink). This was the time when Plimpton was making his millions by hiring out his clever patent skates to rinks all over the country. After a period, music-hall turns were added to the afternoon and evening entertainments, which included the celebrated Zazel, fired by her Manager Farini from a gun into the net, and the very clever Dare Brothers, two clowns, one minus a leg, both wonderful on the horizontal bar.

I remember this performance of Zazel used to be burlesqued by the famous old Gaiety quartette in *Little Dr. Faust*. Nelly Farren as Faust entered a small cannon on the stage, while Edward Terry (I think it was he) as "Farini" Mephistopheles shouted "Are you in? Yes? Are you far in? Yes? Are you Nelly Far-in? Go!" A sham explosion followed, and amid thunderous applause Nelly Farren emerged, a gay and youthful Faust, instead of the old man who had gone into the mouth of the cannon; and

then the band played that familiar refrain which had always immediately followed Zazel, as, walking with difficulty on the net, she made her bow.



That particular evening I knew nothing of what was going on, but prowled about, giving myself up to miserable thoughts, only returning home after every one in the house had gone to bed.

For the first three weeks of *Pocahontas*, as understudy I sat nightly watching Celli's performance, hoping for his early demise that I might step into his boots.

The chance came, not through his early demise, but because Celli left at the end of the third week, so the disappointed "understudy" came into the limelight after all, and played for the "rest of the run." Altogether *Pocahontas* ran for four weeks only, so my appearance was for the long spell of six performances! However, my professional career had begun, and I felt very proud.

I owed much to the kindness of Robert Brough, who rehearsed me on the Sunday before playing on the next day. He was a member of the famous Brough family, brother of "Lal."

It is often noticeable in after-years how small incidents impress themselves on the mind at any critical juncture in life. So it was with me

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Sarony, N.Y.*

LILLIAN RUSSELL

And again to this day, whenever the call-boy comes round with the usual warning, "Beginners, please," I am always reminded of my first night, when a friend who was sitting in my dressing-room exclaimed, "That's you, Charlie!"

Then, hitherto, the only dialogue I had spoken had been at amateur performances on small stages, and it seemed astonishing to find how loudly those around me were using their voices. It made a great impression on me, because even with that big stage and huge auditorium it was difficult to grasp that such a volume was essential; but from that time onward I realized (what years of tuition would never have taught) the necessity for clear enunciation and modification of tone according to conditions. For instance, it is obvious when one is not facing the audience, that special attention should be paid to enunciation and volume of sound. These points may seem very elementary, yet how often they are ignored!

As will be seen from the program of *Pocahontas*, the title-rôle was played by Lillian Russell, known later as America's "Queen of Comic Opera," in whose company I was leading man when touring the States in 1892 and 1893.

Sydney Grundy's story of the opera was founded on fact, which it is interesting to record in view of the regard shown for the memory of

Princess Pocahontas in England. She was the daughter of Powhatan, an Indian chief in Virginia, and was born towards the close of the sixteenth century ; when little more than a child, she saved the life of Captain John Smith, one of the Jamestown colony leaders, who had been captured by the Indians, but she herself was held as a hostage by the English.[1] In 1614, when about eighteen years of age, she married Captain Rolfe, who brought her over to England two years afterwards. A son was born to them, of whom, I understand, Lord Baden-Powell, the world-famous Scout, is a descendant.[2] She died at Gravesend the following year or thereabouts, just before her proposed return to her native country.

It may be of interest to mention that, on 17th July 1914, the American Ambassador, the late Walter Hines Page, unveiled two memorial windows to Princess Pocahontas at Gravesend Parish Church, the gift of the American Society of Colonial Dames. They were dedicated by the Bishop of Rochester in the presence of a most distinguished company, including officers from the American warships.

Mr. Page makes reference to the event in

[1] Captain Smith, in his *General History of Virginia*, speaks of her as "blessed Pocahontas," because, he says, she "oft saved my life."

[2] Lord Baden-Powell tells me that this is not so.

POCAHONTAS.

one of his letters to President Wilson, writing thus :

" One of these days I pray Heaven I have time to describe the comedies of this Ambassadorial life. The sheer juxtaposition of events makes one smile. To-morrow I must unveil a picture of McKinley, and the next day a church window to Pocahontas, and I have just received news that Booker Washington is coming, none of which is as good as a Buffalo-Bill kind of exhibition given here as showing ' the real life of the United States.' At least we'll not die from ennui."

This was part of a letter dated 12th July 1914, one peaceful Sunday, posted from an English country house, probably the last letter that that famous Ambassador, to whom England owes so much, was able to pen in a light-hearted vein.

After the withdrawal of *Pocahontas*, the Empire Theatre was closed and devoted to rehearsals of *The Lady of the Locket*, which was produced on 11th March 1885, financed by Henry Osborn O'Hagan.

This, then, was really my " coming out."

On the first night of the production, I had two songs, one of which, " Come, fill the Goblet up," found great favour with the public, and later, a third song was especially inserted, entitled " St. George for Merrie England, Charge ! "

This was the first of the many occasions on which songs were specially introduced for the characters I played.

Signor Dami was engaged by Fullerton to conduct his opera, but he always had to leave just before eleven o'clock in order to conduct a special orchestra which he had brought from abroad, at the New Club in Covent Garden, once known as Evans' Supper Rooms, and after many vicissitudes and changes of name called the National Sporting Club (alas! now gone). So, if the opera was not over by eleven o'clock, Dami's place was taken in the orchestra by "Jimmie Glover," then a rising young musician and aspiring conductor. One evening, when Glover was conducting the last act, he was suddenly taken ill at the beginning of the encore of my song. I saw him sway and fall from the conductor's seat. With great presence of mind, the leader (first fiddle) immediately took his place, and the song continued without a break. I do not remember that I ever had an encore more difficult to render. In later days Glover used to do a good deal of musical and municipal work on the south coast, and came to be known as "Cyrano of Bexhill."

I have a delightful recollection of Sydney Grundy, who wrote the book of *Pocahontas*. He came to see *The Lady of the Locket* during the first week, and sent me the following letter, which has always been a most treasured possession. It is typical of the generous heart of that fine character.

SYDNEY GRUNDY,
1 WYNNSTAY GARDENS,
KENSINGTON.

19/3/1885

To H. Coffin, Esq.

ans. 21. March 85. C.H.C

Dear Mr. Coffin,

Accept my sincere congratulations on the exceptional success you have achieved. Open confession is good for the soul I did not believe in you as an actor, & I had as much to do with the change in the cast of Pocahontas as any body. I made a great mistake. I saw my mistake the instant you took Collet's place; but prior to that, I could only judge by rehearsals – always a fallacious guide. But my action was perfectly sincere and unprejudiced, & nobody is more pleased to confess he was mistaken. Faithfully yours,

Sydney Grundy.

There are many people who can think generously, but they do not always take the trouble to give expression to that thought, which would often be of untold help to the recipient.

In this case, that letter meant a very great deal to a young man who was just starting to make his career.

One evening, during the run of *The Lady of the Locket*, there was a curious mishap which only escaped becoming a terrible accident.

Tableaux curtains had not at that time come into general use, and at the Empire they had the usual roller curtain, and as the proscenium was very large, it will be understood that this roller was extremely heavy. The play had come to an end, and the curtain was just about to go up for us to take a general call, when Susie Vaughan (sister of Kate Vaughan, of Gaiety fame) turned, and in so doing caught her long train in the curtain just as the roller was beginning to ascend, winding the skirt up, and, as we thought, her with it. There was a general shriek, which fortunately attracted the attention of the men in the flies controlling the curtain, thus avoiding a catastrophe, to say nothing of a probable tableau.

The piece was magnificently mounted, and there was a lavish splendour about Anderson's Venetian costumes. Among a very brilliant cast, special mention should be made of that

clever vocalist and actress, Florence St. John; she was a charming and attractive woman, as kind-hearted as she was charming. She had already made a great reputation for herself in the part of Madame Favart in the French operetta of that name by Offenbach and Farnie, which was first produced at the old Strand Theatre in 1879; and no one who knew him will ever forget the wonderful personality of her husband, M. Marius, the French actor, who played Monsieur Favart.

When Florence St. John left the cast of *The Lady of the Locket*, the equally famous Violet Cameron took her place; she too had appeared in *Madame Favart*.

How curiously the lay mind works about theatrical affairs! My parents' friends and acquaintances were not theatre-goers, but it was only natural that a good many would go, simply out of curiosity to see me. My father's landlord in Kensington was warm in his congratulations. "Your son has made a big success," he said; "but what a pity it is that he spends so much money on his costumes. Will he have any salary left over?"

The Lady of the Locket ran for about five months, and when it came to an end at the Empire, was booked for a single week at a suburban theatre.

A leading lady who was engaged for this special week complained one day at rehearsal

that a certain song was too high for her. "That can soon be remedied," said the manager, "I will have it put down half a bar for you"!

During the run of *The Lady of the Locket*, Fullerton was composing another opera, especially for me. Maurice Barrymore, father of John, that American actor and film-artist who has become so famous, was writing the book. The opera was called *Waldemar, or The Robber of the Rhine*. Percy Anderson was designing the costumes. Through all the years that followed, that wonderful artist never designed anything more striking than this costume for Waldemar and I was keenly looking forward to taking the title-rôle. But alas, this happy collaboration never saw the light of day, for Fullerton's setting of the opera was not completed, as in the middle of the work he was stricken down with illness and shortly afterwards passed away.

Some time afterwards, Barrymore's book was produced with different music in America.

CHAPTER II

"FALKA," 1885—"ALLY SLOPER" AWARD—DRAMATIC STUDENTS—"THE LILY OF LÉOVILLE," 1886

WHEN *The Lady of the Locket* came to an end I went off on a short tour, the program consisting of several one-act musical pieces and concert platform work. This "tour" did not give me any experience of theatrical touring in the sense in which I know it now. The party was a small one, consisting mostly of concert singers, and we put up at hotels, not the usual "digs"; also, we did not travel by the slow "specials" which never make connections without long waits! In fact, it was what would be now known as a concert party.

My first appearance in a character part was on this tour, in a little play called *Prizes and Blanks*, a musical version of an old farce, *The Lottery Ticket*. There was also an operetta entitled *Quid pro Quo*, music by Wilfred Bendall, the libretto the joint work of Cunningham Bridgman and Rutland Barrington.

We opened, in a most depressing manner,

at the Bijou Opera House, Liverpool. To begin with, the first night had to be postponed as we were not ready, so notices were placarded to the effect that I was ill. Then, when we did open, there were so few people present that those in the pit were invited to come forward to help to fill up the stalls. The fact was that the promoter did not realise that an artist may make a name in London after a few weeks only, but he may not be known any farther than the old "four-mile cab radius from Charing Cross."

After visiting a few places in Lancashire, the tour went east (and later "West"!). We played at Whitby, Scarborough, and other holiday resorts in Yorkshire, but met with comparatively little success. Then we went "West" indeed, after less than four weeks.

On returning to London, I appeared as Boleslas in *Falka*, which was revived in the autumn of 1885 at the Avenue Theatre, Northumberland Avenue. This theatre, some years later, suffered disaster by the roof falling in, and, after repairs and redecorations were done, the name was changed to The Playhouse.

The libretto of *Falka* was written by H. B. Farnie, who collaborated with the French composer, M. Chassaigne. Farnie was a prolific writer; he had translated a remarkably long list of libretti of continental light operas, which were produced with variable success in London.

Falka was originally produced at the Comedy in 1883, Penley, before he made his big hit in *Charley's Aunt*, appearing as Brother Pelican, with his famous well-remembered gag after every drink, "I wanted that badly." It was not generally known that Penley was very musical and had a fine bass voice, almost a basso-profundo. In this revival of *Falka*, I met for the second time that charming singer Violet Cameron. Special credit should be given to E. J. Lonnen, who made his debut in London with great success as Tancred. Later he joined George Edwardes's company at the Gaiety, where he greatly enhanced his reputation with the popular song, "Hush, hush, hush! here comes the Bogey Man."

That I should ever gain a diploma for singing has been far from my wildest dreams, as I have never had the advantages of musical training. True, I took a second prize at school, but there were only two in the class. However, these were the days when that great personality, Ally Sloper, was distributing his famous "Awards of Merit," and I was fortunate enough to be singled out for one. I had been singing one evening at a smoking concert at the Paulatim Club, Fitzroy Square, which had been founded by my old school, the University College, late of Gower Street, "Paulatim" ("Little by Little") being its motto. I spent three happy

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Caswall Smith*

LAWRENCE KELLIE

years at this school, the last year rising from monitor to lieutenant, and finishing by becoming captain of the "noble six hundred," which was about the total number of boys.

I shall never forget this concert, because it was the first occasion on which I heard Lawrence Kellie's voice and his wonderfully sympathetic singing of songs, in which words and music melted into one harmonious whole, taught me, as nothing has before or since, what possibilities there are in the rendering of the simplest ballad, and as I sat enthralled, then and there I made up my mind to sing, if I could, as he did. Up to this time I had never attempted love songs, thinking it unmanly to sing them. The song which especially stood out among those he sang that evening was Gounod's "Maid of Athens"; and I was not the only one to be impressed, for at the conclusion one might have heard the proverbial pin drop. Smokers' pipes had gone out, and they forgot to relight them, so spellbound were they held by Kellie's interpretation of music and words, particularly the latter, for the finest song can be entirely spoilt unless the singer expresses all that the song is intended to convey.

Apart from the actual singing, this was a memorable evening for me, as it was the beginning of a lasting and happy friendship with Kellie. I often sang his songs, and whenever

possible enlisted his services as accompanist, as in this way I was able to give them nearer to his rendering. It was a privilege indeed, for an accompanist of his order is very rare, and I have as real a delight in his work to-day as I have ever had. He has written many songs, both words and music, and I would head the list with that beautiful song, "Douglas Gordon," which he always sings so exquisitely.

This musical smoker was an Old Boys' concert, and a few days later the "Award of Merit," in the usual oak frame, was forwarded to "Coffin, C. H.," from two old school-fellows, the Dalziel Brothers, publishers of *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*, *Judy*, and other comic papers. These awards were made by the publishers from time to time, and in one number of *Ally Sloper*, in December 1885, the following notice appeared:

"F.O.S. (Fellow of the Order of Sloper)

"The Eminent has this day conferred the Award of Merit upon the following ladies and gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:

Alice Atherton, . .	Because she's Japanned.
John Bright, . . .	Because he's Peace at any Price.
Joseph Chamberlain, .	Because he has three acres and a cow.
Haydyn (*sic*) Coffin, .	Because he *can* sing.
Sir C. Dilke, . . .	Because he's the proprietor of the *Athenæum*.
W. E. Gladstone, .	Because he's the G.O.M.

Chas. Godfrey, . . Because he's composed 'Ally Sloper's Waltz.'
Marion Hood, . . . Because she sings prettily.
C. Parnell, . . . Because he may govern the country.
Lord Salisbury, . . Because he's a little 'Conservative.'
Tom Smith, . . . Because his Xmas crackers always go off.
Eva Sothern, . . . Because she's awfully nice."

Needless to say, I much treasure this "Award of Merit"; it is hanging in its original "massive" oak frame in my room now.

Among other awards made round about this period was one to "Sydney" Bancroft.

After the death of Sir Squire Bancroft, Gilbert Dalziel is quoted in the *Sunday Times* of 25th August 1926 as follows:

"When T. W. Robertson's ever-charming plays were first produced at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, off Tottenham Court Road, did the veteran actor who has just gone to his rest appear in the bills as 'Squire,' or 'Sydney' Bancroft? I so well remember during the mid-eighties, when I sent him 'Ally Sloper's Award of Merit,' that in acknowledging its receipt he pointed out and regretted that the diploma had been filled in as Sydney Bancroft, his name of earlier days!"

The Dramatic Students' Society was formed early in 1885 by junior members of the theatrical

profession for the purpose of providing them with the opportunity to give afternoon performances which enabled them to be seen by managers, critics, and public in rôles other than those in which they were playing nightly. The less known works of old dramatists were selected in order to further the study of dramatic literature.

One of their early productions was *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, given at the Vaudeville Theatre in the summer of 1885. It fell to my lot to sing "Who is Sylvia?" and well do I remember the occasion, for I sang the song in such a way as to call forth a well-deserved rebuke from Arthur Cecil, who was President of the Society. He was a keen and clever musician, and quickly detected a mistake in my rendering of the song. After the performance was over, he took me aside and talked seriously to me. "Young man," he said, "you must not tamper with a composer's melodies; such things are not done."

As a matter of fact I had *not* knowingly tampered with the melody; I sang a particular phrase wrong, simply because I didn't know any better, but I kept silence before my rebuker, as I did not want to give myself away.

In January 1886, they gave their third performance, and for this occasion chose Dryden's

tragedy, *Secret Love, or The Maiden Queen*, of which Pepys, in his famous diary, wrote as follows:

"To the King's House to see the *Mayden Queene*, a new play of Dryden's mightily commended for the regularity of it and the strain and wit, and the truth is there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I can never hope to see the like done again by man or woman."

Nell Gwynne pleased both Charles the Second and Samuel Pepys in this part very much, and the dainty and piquant Rose Norreys, who played Florimel with us, with her bright and natural red hair and gay vivacity, would have called forth equal praise from the diarist. The part of Florimel's inconstant lover, Celadon, fell to me, and our scenes together, it was pleasing to find, apparently gave great satisfaction to both audience and press.

Rose Norreys was a clever comedienne, and would have risen to great heights in the profession but for a serious illness which compelled her to give up the stage. The part of Philocles was taken by Bernard Gould, who is now Sir Bernard Partridge, the clever artist whose *Punch* cartoons are known to all.

In the following year, 16th November 1887, this same Society gave a performance at Terry's Theatre of *The Favourite of Fortune*, by Dr. Westland Marston, a comedy in which Sam

Sothern had created the principal part some twenty years previously.

Following my success as Florimel, the Society chose me for Sothern's part, and I gave anything but satisfaction—on the other hand, I came in for some severe criticism which did me a world of good, and allowed my head to return to its normal size for I must confess it was beginning to get larger than any of my hats would hold.

The Dramatic Students represented what now is seen in the many and various Stage Societies that give their performances on Sundays.

This matter of Sunday performances is a vexed question. Licences are as yet not granted in this country for theatres to be open on Sundays with public dramatic performances for which seats are sold at the doors. Is this reasonable? Theatres may be licensed as picture-houses on Sundays, and cabaret performances at restaurants and hotels may also be given. So if a house is needed for a Sunday theatrical production, the only way to overcome the difficulty has been to regard it as a club, the tickets being sold privately and not at the doors. But, after all, this is too large a question to discuss here, though I am convinced that Sunday opening for all theatres will come.

It was during this year, 1886, that *Sappho*, a little one-act piece, was played at the Opéra Comique for a few performances only, in aid of a hospital charity.

The " lyrical romance " of *Sappho* was adapted by Dr. Harry Lobb from the classical story, and the music was composed by Walter Slaughter, who increased his reputation with everything he wrote. *Sappho* was in many ways a somewhat unique production, having twenty or more females and only one male in the cast. It is the story of the famous Greek poetess and the old boatman of Mitylene, who, having been transformed into the young and handsome Phaon, becomes the object of her most ardent affection. It is interesting to recall that one of the scenes opens with a tableau copied from Alma Tadema's famous picture, " Sappho."

The Opéra Comique used to be on the north side of the Strand, where Bush House now stands, nearly opposite the old Strand Theatre on the south side, now occupied by the Aldwych Tube Station. These old theatres, together with the Olympic in Wych Street and Terry's in the Strand, have all been swept away to make room for big improvements, resulting in Kingsway and the widening of the Strand.

My next engagement was in *The Lily of Léoville*, under the management of Violet Melnotte.[1] The opera, which was first produced

[1] The program (see Appendix) omits the name of Malcolm Watson. I believe that Clement Scott invited his collaboration in the adaptation of this opera from the French.

for a trial week at Birmingham on 3rd May 1886, opened in London at the Comedy Theatre on the 10th. The "trying out" of plays in the provinces is now frequently done.

This was Ivan Caryll's first work for the stage in England—he was a young Belgian composer, his real name being Felix Tilkins. Eventually he became one of London's leading musical directors, finishing his career at the Gaiety under George Edwardes.

The Lily of Léoville was conducted by Auguste van Biene, one of the best conductors then in this style of work. He was also a very fine 'cellist, and his name will always be familiar because of *The Broken Melody*, a play which he ran and in which he appeared for many years in the provinces —playing upon his 'cello the melody which gave the title to the piece.

The tenor part of this production of Miss Melnotte's was taken by Henry Bracy, with whom I had played in *The Lady of the Locket*; he held for many years the position of leading tenor of light opera in London, and I regretted that this was our last work together, as he went to Australia later to take up management. Frederick Kaye joined the company when the production came to London. Theatre-goers will recall his many droll performances, especially that of Major Barclay in *A Gaiety Girl*.

The Lily of Léoville was produced by "Dick"

Barker, who was a well-known figure in the early days of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, when he was stage manager under W. S. Gilbert. He also had a big stage control in P. T. Barnum's first production at Olympia in its early days.

Violet Melnotte played in *The Lily of Léoville* production; in after years she gave up acting and became proprietress of the Duke of York's Theatre in St. Martin's Lane. Her husband, Frank Wyatt, was exceptionally clever in *opéra bouffé*; he was a light comedian, and a fine dancer of the highest order in musical plays, but unfortunately his stage career was cut short through ill-health.

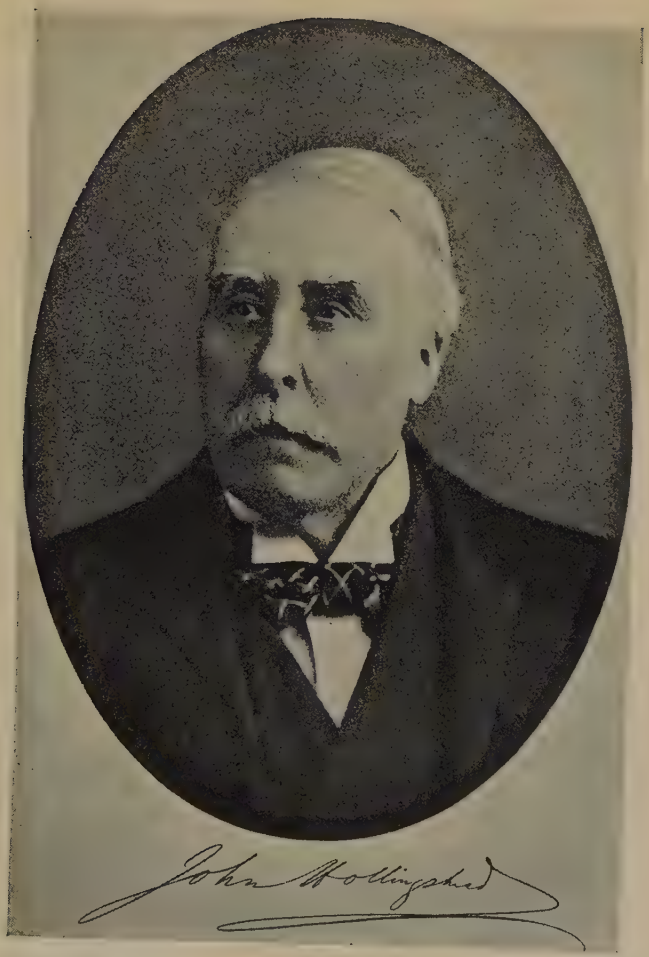
Van Biene!
"The Broken Melody."

CHAPTER III

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD—FIRST ENGAGEMENT UNDER GEORGE EDWARDES, 1886 — "DOROTHY" — "QUEEN OF MY HEART"

THE old Gaiety Theatre in the Strand had been under the management of John Hollingshead for many years, during which time it had been identified chiefly with burlesque on an elaborate scale—the names of the artists are too familiar and too numerous to be mentioned here; the outstanding feature was the quartette consisting of Kate Vaughan, Nellie Farren, Edward Terry, and Teddie Royce, and later, Fred Leslie of *Rip Van Winkle* fame.

The name of Hollingshead cannot be allowed to pass without a word of tribute to this able theatrical manager who did so much to promote free trade in theatres and in dramatic representation. He took over the Gaiety Theatre and opened there in 1868, and a very few years later induced the whole company of the Comédie française to visit London and play for six weeks under his management.



HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*W. & D. Downey*

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD

"Practical John," who I am proud to say was my first manager, was always kind and considerate towards young stage aspirants, and I have pleasing recollections of him in those early days when I was engaged for a part in *The Lady of the Locket*.

Not long ago, when looking through some old papers, I came across a half-sheet on which was the following in Hollingshead's writing :

"S.P.Q.R.
Senātūs Populūsque Romānus.
"The Roman Senate and People."
These initials were placed upon the Roman standards and public Buildings.
With John Hollingshead's kind regards.

These few lines referred to an occasion when, in the course of conversation, the letters "S.P.Q.R." were mentioned, and, not understanding them, I asked if he knew what they meant. Hollingshead professed ignorance, but he was not the man to leave anything unexplained if a solution could be found, and many months afterwards, having entirely forgotten the incident, I was surprised and pleased to receive the above.

No one who ever spoke to Hollingshead could forget his remarkable voice—high-pitched and almost falsetto in tone—in which he used to give vent to very strong opinions. Firm of purpose, he was tenacious and unyielding when once he had made up his mind about anything.

There was an occasion when he had a glass awning erected outside the Gaiety Theatre to protect the early-door crowds in wet weather. This was against the district regulations and he was requested to have the awning removed, but he absolutely refused to do so, considering the comfort of the public before anything else; so, in spite of all protests, that awning remained until the theatre was taken down—possibly the only way in which the authorities were able to get it removed!

Hollingshead was always full of enterprise and go-ahead notions. It is a pity there are not more like him.

Among other activities, he did his utmost to bring about a change in theatrical booking arrangements. In those days the theatres charged a special booking fee for seats booked and paid for in advance. Hollingshead strongly disapproved of such a method, claiming that since the managers had the use of such moneys often many weeks ahead, it was utterly wrong that they should also claim a booking fee. He went so far as to say that if a seat was paid for in advance there should be a reduction in price. However, the opposition to those schemes was so great that Hollingshead never really gained his point, though he himself practised it for a time.

Another of his go-ahead ideas was seen in his

introduction of a mechanical organ into his Panorama of Niagara. Mechanical music has from time immemorial been in vogue at fairs, but it was quite an innovation for it to be introduced into this class of entertainment in the days which preceded the gramophone. He also adopted an original method of advertising this panorama, which was shewn in York Street, St. James's; he had a footnote added: "One of the *fourteen* York Streets in London."

Hollingshead used to boast of the number of years he had kept the "sacred lamp of burlesque" burning at the Gaiety, but when that light went out, George Edwardes, who had been so long with the Savoy, took over the Gaiety and started a new policy, offering an entirely different class of entertainment to those who, in the past, had patronised that theatre.

It was redecorated throughout, and English light opera placed before the public instead of burlesque.

Among the first selected was *Dorothy*, entitled "A New and Original Comedy Opera," by B. C. Stephenson and Alfred Cellier, brother of François Cellier.

The romantic story of how Stephenson ever came to write for the stage would fill a separate volume; enough to say he began what promised to be a big career by being successively Mr. Gladstone's and Sir George Cornwall Lewis's private secretary. A man of varied interests and a devotee of the stage, he became acquainted with those "noblemen and gentlemen" who were its patrons. Among them were two, well known in public life, with whom he formed a great intimacy.

The three formed a triumvirate for the purpose of speculating on the Stock Exchange, and after the usual year or two of big profits there came one day an unfortunate crash. Stephenson was badly hit, but his literary talent and the advantages of a fine education were important assets, which he promptly made use of as a means of acquiring some ready money. So he set to work to translate Sardou's famous play, *Dora*, and together with Clement Scott, that most able dramatic critic, made a clever adaptation, which they called *Diplomacy*; this was successfully presented by the Bancrofts at their little house, the old Prince of Wales's Theatre (now rebuilt as The Scala) in Tottenham Street.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Walery*

ALFRED CELLIER H. J. LESLIE B. C. STEPHENSON

After the Bancroft days, this old theatre stood empty for many years and became known as the "Dust Hole," but eventually the site was acquired by Dr. Distin Maddick, of the Italian Hospital, and it is to him that London is indebted for that beautiful theatre known as The Scala, which he erected on the site of the old theatre. For sentimental reasons he retained the original front entrance porch belonging to the old building; this has been left as the stage entrance, and the front entrance is now round the corner in Charlotte Street. The new building has been constructed interiorly on massive and imposing lines, equally suitable for films or theatrical work (an example now often followed), and the seating arrangements are excellent. Altogether, it is one of the finest playhouses in London, and it is a thousand pities that the general public still scarcely realise that it is well within the radius of theatre-goers. The "Staircase" Theatre has now become the home of amateur societies.

Stephenson's first attempt at lyrical writing was an operetta, set to music by Frederick Clay. It was called *Out of Sight*; all the characters on the stage were played by men, the only woman in the piece singing "off-stage." This invisible part was put in specially for Mrs. Weldon, who had such a beautiful voice.

Besides writing other lyrics, Stephenson was

responsible for two which became very popular—"She wandered down the Mountain Side," music by Fred Clay, and the "Venetian Song," by Tosti.

Stephenson was in appearance a typical English gentleman, nearly six feet tall, with full beard (the fashion of those days). Always gracious and kind, with a particularly engaging manner, he had a wonderful knack of pouring oil on other people's troubled waters.

To return to *Dorothy*, the scenes were laid near a Kentish village in the middle of the eighteenth century. The libretto was drawn from many sources, among which there are reminders of *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals*, and d'Étienne's *Joconde*.

Alfred Cellier, the composer, had been for some time in Manchester where he produced many of his compositions. Much of the music in *Dorothy* he drew from *Nell Gwynne*, in which he had collaborated with H. B. Farnie. The latter, however, came to the conclusion that he preferred a foreign composer, so book and music were parted.

Farnie collaborated with Planquette over *Nell Gwynne*, while Cellier handed his score to B. C. Stephenson, and *Dorothy* was the result.

So *Dorothy* was produced at the old Gaiety on Saturday evening, 25th September 1886.

Though well received, the success of the opera seemed very doubtful, so after a few days,

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*W. & D. Downey*

MARION HOOD
(Original Dorothy)

OLD DREAMS.

SARAH DOUDNEY. ALFRED CELLIER.

ANDANTE MODERATO.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
cres.
It
was but a year a_ _ go, lôve, In the bal_my sum_mer time,.... That I
lin_ger'd there in the churchyard, Till the bells be_gan to chime; And the
1677)

some alterations were made with a view to livening things somewhat, and it was suggested that a song should be introduced for the part of Sherwood, friend of Wilder, the tenor and leading man, the first-night Press notices having deplored the absence of one for this character. But what was the song to be? There lay the difficulty.

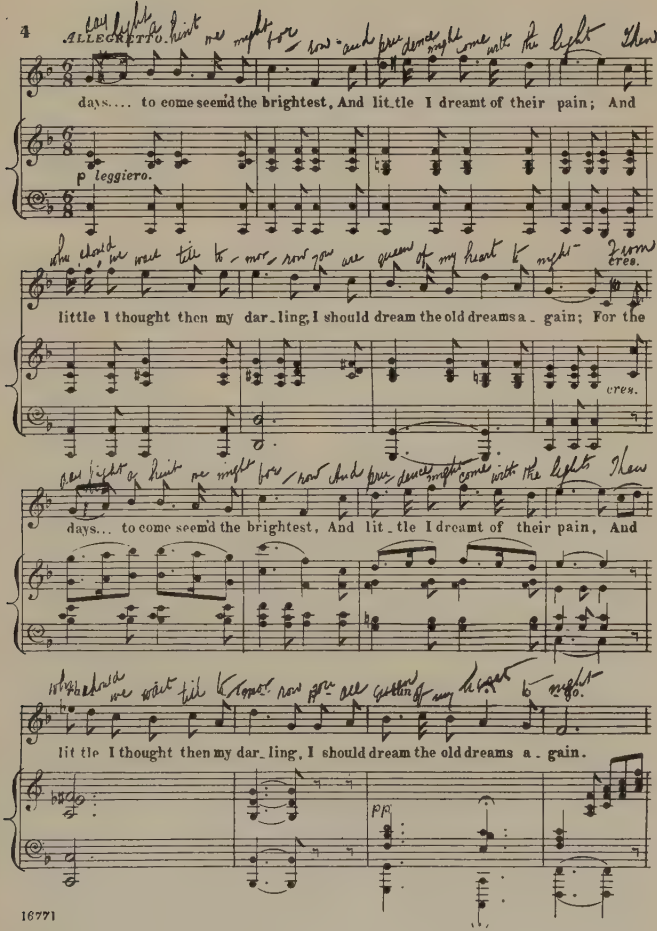
Alfred Cellier was at the time in Australia, having been ordered there for health reasons by his doctor, and François Cellier, his London representative, refused to allow the work of any other composer to be introduced. So the only way out of the difficulty was to hunt out some suitable song by Alfred Cellier.

Accordingly, one morning, a small party set out for Chappell's and other music-publishing houses, and after searching the shelves and turning over many dusty piles of discarded compositions, at last discovered a song[1] by Cellier in one of the back numbers of the *Mohawk Minstrel's Magazine*.

It had for its title "Old Dreams," the words

[1] Published by Chappell.

by Sarah Doudney, a well-known writer of books for young people, but her words were quite unsuitable for the part of Sherwood in *Dorothy*. However, at rehearsal a few days later, Stephenson picked up a copy of "Old Dreams" as it lay on the top of the piano, and with a flash of inspiration wrote in new words in red ink to the melody of the song, giving it the title "Queen of my Heart." The usual procedure in ballad-writing, as all know, is to choose the words and then compose the music, but this song suffered nothing in the reversal of the ordinary method. Much praise is due to Stephenson for his ready pen. The result was a ballad of simplicity and charm, with most suitable words to the easy refrain. It was introduced into the second act in the baronial hall, sung as a serenade outside Miss Dorothy's door, when the rest of the household were supposed to have retired for the night. The scene was dark except for the red gleam of the fire coming from the old-fashioned ingle-nook. How clever George Edwardes was, even in those early days, to have such a song put in, and what judgment on the part of Stephenson to select such a situation into which to introduce it! It could not have had a more effective setting. The song was put into the opera on 15th October 1886, less than three weeks after the opening night, and was orchestrated by the late Herr Meyer Lutz, the well-known and


ALLEGRETTO.
days.... to come seem'd the brightest, And lit_tle I dreamt of their pain; And
p leggiero.
little I thought then my dar_ling, I should dream the old dreams a_gain; For the
cres.
days... to come seem'd the brightest, And lit_tle I dreamt of their pain, And
lit_tle I thought then my dar_ling, I should dream the old dreams a_gain.
pp

"QUEEN OF MY HEART" (Sheet 4)

beloved conductor, for many years with John Hollingshead, and later under George Edwardes's management at the old Gaiety Theatre. Additions have since been made to the orchestration of that song, but it is doubtful if they have improved on the original.

On that first night of its introduction to the public, the success of "Queen of my Heart" was assured before the song came to an end. It was encored twice, and never throughout that long run of *Dorothy,* for nearly three years, did it fail to have encores.

As regards the sale of the song, "Queen of my Heart" must have had a phenomenal success. However, my efforts at persuasion have never drawn the publishers to reveal the enormous number of copies sold, but I heard that it ran into millions, though, unluckily for me, I had no royalty on the song.

It is quite amazing to find what popularity the song still has with the public of to-day. The fact is that simple words with a direct appeal, set to a melodious refrain will always awaken some chord of sentiment in the human heart. And though there are many "high-brows" who would describe "Queen of my Heart" as old-fashioned, it still seems as popular as ever. I am seldom allowed to leave a concert platform without insistent demands being made for the song. It is very pleasing to most of us to enjoy

old melodies, for we like to be reminded of old times. Associations have a wonderful way of clinging round a simple ballad, and perhaps this accounts for the very flattering and extraordinary affection the general public display when the song is given. But in spite of its popularity there are many people with peculiar minds who regard the words as being " not quite nice ! "

So, with the success of this song, *Dorothy* settled down, though George Edwardes was always somewhat pessimistic about the future of the opera, and when, after three months' run at the Gaiety, it was transferred to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, he began to have serious doubts, so sold the entire production to H. J. Leslie, the accountant to the Gaiety Theatre Company. Leslie was a musician above the average amateur, and, having a firm belief in the opera, made such changes in the cast as he felt would strengthen it, with the happy result of a long run.

The Prince of Wales's Theatre had been built by Edgar Bruce, practically on the success of his performance in *The Colonel*, which will be well remembered by old playgoers. It was then called the Prince's Theatre, and rumour reported that there were no dressing-rooms in the original building. Standing in the street and looking at the east side, one can see how they seem to have been added at a later date.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Walery*

BEN DAVIES, AS GEOFFREY WILDER
(*Dorothy*)

The theatre having been closed for a time, reopened in January 1884 as the Prince of Wales's, for a long time spoken of as the *new* Prince of Wales's, to distinguish it from the *old* Prince of Wales's (now The Scala) in Tottenham Street, of which Edgar Bruce was also at one time manager.

So, to the "new" Prince of Wales's Theatre *Dorothy* went, and about this time, too, Leslie made changes in the cast, Marie Tempest, who has now become such a clever comedienne, taking up the part of Dorothy, originally played by that beautiful favourite, Marion Hood, who had for many years played soprano lead in all the Gaiety burlesques. Ben Davies, who had previously been with the Carl Rosa Company, took up the tenor part of Geoffrey Wilder, which had been created by Redfern Hollins. A sister of the satirist and dramatist G. B. Shaw, Lucy Carr-Shaw, joined the company and played the title-rôle and other parts many times in London, later going on tour in the No. 1 Company as Dorothy.

On the occasion of the two hundredth performance, an address in praise of English opera was written by Cunningham Bridgman, and spoken at the end of Act II. Bridgman also wrote an epilogue for the five hundredth performance.

The popularity of *Dorothy* continued as great

as ever in London, to say nothing of the many tours in the provinces. H. J. Leslie, with part of the fortune he was amassing out of the opera, started the building of the beautiful Lyric Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, and in December 1888, transferred *Dorothy* thither to her third home in London.

Alfred Cellier, who was in Australia during the first few months of the run of the opera, came back to England in time to be at the opening performance at the Lyric, when he personally conducted the second act. Before his return home, while at a race meeting in Australia, he heard the band strike up, "Queen of my Heart" being given as a cornet solo. When it was finished he went up to the player and tipped him for an encore. After it was over, he said to the man, "Where did you get hold of that song?" "It's out of *Dorothy*," replied the Cornet. "Oh, who is the composer?" asked Cellier. "Hayden Coffin," was the prompt and unexpected reply.

Looking back on these three years, many incidents come to mind. For the old women's chorus at the opening of the third act, Edwardes was bent on having the real thing, so he advertised for elderly dames. They turned up in battalions, and after a great deal of weeding out, with consequent gnashing of teeth and tearing and pulling of hair, some dozen were selected.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Walery*

ARTHUR WILLIAMS, AS LURCHER
(*Dorothy*)

The idea was excellent, but the result was disastrous, for these old people, instead of being natural, tried to act and sing. So, after trial rehearsals, the fortnight's notice had to be given to them, and experienced chorus-ladies were selected with most satisfactory results, as the scene in which they appeared was always an outstanding success. They came in as bent old women, leaning heavily on their crook-sticks, and had to portray these old people's abilities in dancing and singing, lecturing the young bride with Stephenson's telling words, "Eh, eh, eh, you poor little dear, wait till it come to the end of the year."

This was a sequel to Mistress Dorothy's remark to her cousin Lydia, in Act I., when Phyllis tells them she is going to be married—"What a pity to spoil such a nice girl!"

Light operas are very often lacking in humour, but *Dorothy* was saved from this defect, as the comic part of Lurcher, the Sheriff's officer, was taken by Arthur Williams, who was a past-master in his particular line. Lurcher's part originally was very small, but so clever was this artist that he was allowed great licence, though in taking advantage of this he did not always use

discretion, as was seen on the first night. Lurcher had to collect money from the hero, Geoffrey Wilder (Redfern Hollins), who proposed that he should pay the debt by weekly instalments. The offer was indignantly refused by Lurcher—"Weekly instalments, indeed! what do you take me for? a sewing machine? This smart gag was tremendously appreciated by the audience, but Stephenson took strong objection, for it very naturally offended his sense of fitness, and he would like to have forbidden its repetition, but as it raised the laugh of the act, he reluctantly allowed Williams to keep it in. This gag and many which crept in, soon established Lurcher as a leading low comedy part, as all amateurs now find.

The opening at the old Gaiety was scarcely propitious, for at the first dress rehearsal an unlooked-for incident occurred. Across the stage at the back, in Act II., ran a gallery; on each side, right and left, was a staircase leading down to the stage, and underneath the gallery was a door through which the famous hounds made their entrance in the "Tally Ho!" finale of the act. By the way, I believe that "Tally-Ho!" is a corruption of the Arabic, meaning "Come here," introduced into this country by the early Crusaders.

The moment had come at the rehearsal when some of the company had to go up to the

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Walery*

FURNEAUX COOK, AS SQUIRE BANTAM
(*Dorothy*)

gallery from either side. Suddenly there was a terrific crash—the gallery over the doorway had collapsed, and most of the company too! So badly shaken and upset were they, that this final rehearsal could not be continued, and all were sent home by our stage manager, "Charley" Harris, brother of Augustus of the "Lane." Mr. Furneaux Cook, who played Squire Bantam, was badly hurt by scenery falling on his ankle, and the rest were more or less shaken or bruised. It was a most unfortunate accident; a good thing, however, that it happened then and not on the opening night.

To make the company satisfied at the next scenic rehearsal that such a collapse would not take place again, Harris made the stage carpenter, who built the scene, put some dozen of his men on the balcony over the famous doorway, and jump on it to show that all was good and strong.

During the second act of *Dorothy*, Squire Bantam had to prepare a punch for his guests. In order that the scene might be as realistic as possible, lemons, spice, jugs of water, and some wine were always provided and used on the stage for the punch, which was quite palatable; in fact, the glasses were invariably drained during the song.

On one occasion, when *Dorothy* was sent to the Crystal Palace to be given at one of the

famous flying matinées, the "property man" there, of course, provided the necessary ingredients for the punch according to plot—lemons, etc., and the usual "eighteen-penny"

bottle of claret. All went well. The punch was prepared in the usual way by Squire Bantam previous to his fine rendering of the song, "Here's a Welcome to All," and the drink declared quite palatable by the company.

The following year, the flying matinée was

repeated, but when Squire Bantam's visitors tasted of his brew, they realised that something was very wrong. Wry faces, spluttering, and choking took place during the song, and at the end of the act, " What on earth have you given us to drink ? " they all demanded of the property man in disgust. He blandly replied, " It should be all right, it's the same as you had last year. In fact I bottled up what was left over—I can show you the label with the date on it."

No wonder there were wry faces !

Then there was the duelling scene, which is something of a plagiarism on the duel scene in *The Rivals*. For this scene, in the last act, it was necessary to have two boxes of old duelling pistols. These were hired by contract at the beginning of the play, " for the run of the piece, at 3s. 6d. a week."

But, contrary to expectation, *Dorothy* went on running (Tree would have called it " an obstinate success "). As is well known, H. J. Leslie bought the whole production from George Edwardes, taking over all contracts ; and seeing week by week among accounts the amount entered, " to hire of pistols, 3s. 6d.," he began to think that this duel was being unnecessarily expensive.

So he sent for the contractor (I believe he was the stage carpenter) from whom the pistols were hired, and offered to buy them outright. But

no, the offer was refused, the contract must stand in its original form, and so, to the last of *Dorothy*, the nine hundred and thirty-first performance in London, those pistols were hired at 3s. 6d. a week.

An expensive duel, indeed!

On another occasion there was a flying matinée given at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. Leslie proposed a most unusual thing for a big musical company. He suggested that, instead of salary, each principal should be his guest and bring a friend, and he would pay the chorus. So he arranged a very comfortable journey for us, booking a Pullman, providing lunch on the way down, and dinner on the return journey. It turned out quite a jolly picnic, but a bit of a rush. The gay and cheery Grace Huntley was at that time with the company. She had won her laurels in many pantomimes, burlesques, etc., and her fun and vivacity on the stage were no less in private life. On the homeward run from Brighton, every one was in high spirits and good humour, and there was much joking and merriment. In one tunnel, some one mischievously turned out the lights. When they came to the next, Grace Huntley jumped up, and turning off the switches, called out, "Take your partners, please, for the next tunnel."

What a versatile little actress! She was always engaged as principal boy in pantomime because of her perfectly shaped understandings.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Ellis & Walery*

SELF, AS HARRY SHERWOOD
(*Dorothy*)

She not only played Lydia in the opera, but on more than one occasion stepped into the breech and took the part of Phyllis, or Dorothy.

During the first fortnight of the production, before " Queen of my Heart " was put in, it was suggested that I should sing the Squire's song, " Here's a Welcome to all to Chanticleer Hall." But on the first time of trying it, what was my horror and dismay to find that while the introduction was being played, even to within a single bar of the vocal part, my mind was a complete blank, and I could not recall a single word of even the first line !

Turning hastily to all the company grouped round, I said under my breath, " A fiver for any one who will give me the first word."

Not one could do so, the fact being that the sympathetic company were so nervous for me that they forgot everything. It was a dreadful moment, but, most fortunately, my mind recovered itself at the critical instant, and I managed to get through. However, I made such a mess of the song that it was at once given back to Furneaux Cook, who gave a rousing rendering of it throughout the whole run of the three years.

Then again, at one of the Savage Club celebrated evenings, when being called upon to sing " Queen of my Heart," a similar lapse of memory occurred. I must have been singing it

some hundreds of times, for it was during the latter part of the run of *Dorothy*, yet, at the beginning of the second verse, my mind was again a blank! However, here there was no need for dismay, for nearly every one present in the room began the verse—surely this was the origin of community singing!

End of Chap 3. Savage Club Jugs knew the words.

CHAPTER IV

"DORIS," 1889—"THE RED HUSSAR," 1889—END OF CONTRACT WITH H. J. LESLIE, 1889—CARL ROSA LIGHT OPERA CONTRACT, 1890–1891—"MARJORIE"—"CAPTAIN THÉRÈSE"—"MAID MARIAN"—AGNES HUNTINGTON ("PAUL JONES") DALY'S THEATRE—"LA CIGALE," 1890—"MISS DECIMA," 1891

AS was mentioned in the previous chapter, H. J. Leslie had made a big financial success of *Dorothy*, so it was quite natural that he should think it well to risk the collaboration of Stephenson and Cellier for the piece to follow. The company, too, was almost the same. *Doris* ran for several months; the story was excellent, the scenes were laid in Elizabethan times, yet it just missed having the long run they anticipated. In after years, Stephenson used to say that he thought both score and libretto were at least twenty years ahead of their time—the fare was not suitable for the generation to which it was offered.

Doris was really a very fine work, after the model of the genuine Opéra Comique as under-

stood in Paris, so naturally the British audiences, expecting *Opéra Bouffe*, did not show the appreciation that the work deserved. There were two exceptionally fine songs in it: one was, "I've sought the Brake and Bracken through and through," beautifully sung by Ben Davies; the other, "Honour bids me speed away," which fell to my lot. It had been hoped by all that there might be an outstanding number like "Queen of my Heart," but such a success seldom happens twice, and certainly never in the production immediately following. Alas, this was the end of the Stephenson-Cellier collaboration.

Doris was followed by *The Red Hussar*, by H. P. Stephens and Edward Solomon. My meeting with Solomon again was under very different conditions from the first occasion in *Pocahontas*; I was then a raw amateur, looking for work and quite unknown, but had now been in the profession for some years, and naturally was known owing to the long run of *Dorothy*. In those days, many engagements were not made simply for the run of the piece, but by the year, with an option on further years. Just before the commencement of *Doris*, I came to the end of a second year's contract with Leslie, the third and last being at his option, but as we had had differences, it did not seem likely that Leslie would exercise this option over my third year, so I made a provisional contract to take the part

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Stereoscopic Coy.*

AGNES HUNTINGTON, AS PAUL JONES

of Paul Jones in Planquette's opera of that name, with the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company, this being their first production in light opera.

However, absolutely at the last moment, Leslie exercised his option, so I had to open in *The Red Hussar*, and Carl Rosa had to find some one else for Paul Jones. Curiously enough, he engaged a woman for the part, Agnes Huntington. So brilliant was her work that George Edwardes, always on the look out for talent, came forward at once, and booking her for the future, started to build a theatre in Leicester Square on a vacant site not far from the Hippodrome, which was to be called The Agnes Huntington Theatre.

As soon as I had completed my third year with Leslie, I left *The Red Hussar* and went over immediately to the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, having been engaged for *Marjorie*, their second production, which succeeded *Paul Jones*.

After her tremendous success as Paul Jones, Agnes Huntington was also in *Marjorie*, but she was not happy in her part, so left the cast at the end of a week or two, and never, alas, appeared in London again, which was a great loss to theatre-goers. The part thus vacated was taken by Joseph Tapley. Tapley was a fine fellow, one of the leading tenors of the time, possessed of a wonderful personality, and having downright views on most questions; it was said that he

used his spare time in making speeches in Hyde Park. He was excellent at his stage work and a good friend into the bargain.

When Agnes Huntington left the stage, Edwardes was much discouraged, and for quite a period, building operations on the Agnes Huntington Theatre ceased, until he came to terms with Augustin Daly, the great American manager, who was running Daly's Theatre in New York, with a wonderful company headed by Ada Rehan, Maurice Barrymore, John Drew, and Mrs. Gilbert. For several years Daly paid visits to England, bringing with him his company, which made its first appearance at Toole's Theatre in 1884; other seasons they played at the old Strand Theatre, where now stands the Aldwych Tube Station, and they also appeared at the old Gaiety.

So successful was Daly with these productions, that he was anxious to get a theatre in London, and made an offer to George Edwardes, that when the Agnes Huntington Theatre was completed he would take it on a twenty-one years' lease, provided it was called Daly's Theatre. This offer Edwardes accepted, and for several years Daly's Company played there; afterwards,

Edwardes had it on a sub-lease, opening with *An Artist's Model.*

And now, with careful thought, those with great brains will see how it was I who really caused Daly's Theatre to be built, for if I had been free to take the part of Paul Jones, Agnes Huntington would not have been seen in it, and consequently George Edwardes would have had no interest in building the theatre. Hence, with all the reasoning that can be found in any page of Euclid, it was I who caused the theatre to be built. Q.E.D. Ha! ha!

The third production of the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company was *Captain Thérèse*, a French opera. Hitherto, any opera which proved successful in Paris, had in most cases to be altered to suit public taste in England. Carl Rosa had found by experience that this was often detrimental to the production, so he commissioned MM. Bisson and Planquette to write a comic opera especially for his Light Opera Company, to be produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. This was done; the opera was entitled *Captain Thérèse*, F. C. Burnand was the English adapter, Gilbert à Becket assisting with the lyrics.

M. Planquette, the French composer, as is well known, had acquired a big reputation in light opera, his first great success being *Les Cloches de Corneville*, which, when brought over to London, was produced at the Folly Theatre in

1878. The Folly became Toole's Theatre, later Charing Cross, the site of which was afterwards acquired for extension of Charing Cross Hospital. The piece ran for nearly two years, Violet Cameron making a wonderful hit in it as Germaine.

Another successful work of Planquette's was *Rip Van Winkle*, produced in 1882, in which Fred Leslie made such a great success at the Comedy Theatre in the part of Rip, Miss Cameron playing " opposite " in the duo rôle of Gretchen and Alice. This particular musical setting of Farnie's libretto had for me a tremendous attraction, and it has always been a matter of regret to me that I have never yet had the privilege of playing Rip—but there, one never knows.

Mention has already been made of Planquette's *Paul Jones*, in which Agnes Huntington was such an attraction in her impersonation of the sailor. This success of hers led the authors to weave another story round the contralto, who was now to impersonate a soldier, Captain Thérèse. However, by the time the opera was finished, Agnes Huntington had left the stage, and the part which should have been hers was given to Attalie Claire, an American lady, this being her first appearance in England.

Captain Thérèse was a pleasing opera, full of delightful melodies, but there were no out standing features about it, and in a few months

it was withdrawn, to be replaced by *Maid Marian*, the last production of the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company.

This opera was composed by Reginald de Koven. Five years previous to the London production, it had been brought out under the name of *Robin Hood* most successfully in the States, and even now it is sometimes revived. The " Bostonians " were the first to produce it ; they were an operatic company which held in America a similar position to that of the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company in this country. The work of the " Bostonians " stood at a very high level ; they had the pick of American voices, and the ensembles, part-songs, and solos were always so excellent that they made the rendering of *Robin Hood* something quite unique ; so, when Carl Rosa was looking for a new piece to replace *Captain Thérèse*, he obtained the rights of *Robin Hood* for England. The name, however, could not stand, as it would have been too reminiscent of pantomime in those days for the British public.

So *Robin Hood* became *Maid Marian*, and an American lady, Marian Manola, came over to play the English title-rôle. At the time I felt my nose was put out of joint, for I was playing the part of Robin Hood and had hoped the original title would have been adhered to.

Maid Marian ran for several months, and at

its conclusion the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company came to an end. I then went over to my old home, The Lyric, and joined the cast of *La Cigale* on 21st May 1891, taking the baritone part of Vincent Knapps. *La Cigale* had already been running for about seven months.

Ivan Caryll was conducting the opera. He composed a charming song especially for me, which was introduced into the second act, called "Look with Thine Eyes into Mine, Love," the words by Fred Weatherly, the well-known writer of lyrics. In a book of his reminiscences, Weatherly writes of the incident as follows :

"But when I settled in town, I got at last in touch with theatrical people, first of all, I think, with Felix Tilkins, better known as 'Ivan Caryll.' His wife, Geraldine Ulmar, late of the Savoy, was singing Audran's *La Cigale* at the Lyric Theatre, and at her wish I wrote for Caryll 'Look with Thine Eyes into Mine,' which was introduced into the opera, and sung with his usual great effect by Hayden Coffin ; this song did for that opera what the introduction of 'Queen of my Heart' did for *Dorothy*—gave it the fillip which its drooping performance required."

I have quoted, as I take this as a great compliment from such a man as Weatherly.

One day, when we were chatting together, we were talking about *Dorothy*, and I was telling him how Stephenson came to write the lyrics of "Queen of my Heart." Weatherly was much interested in this instance of words being written

to music instead of the ordinary method, and told me how he came to write the words of his well-known song, "Nancy Lee." It seems that Stephen Adams sent him a melody without any suggestions, and his first attempt was an anvil song. Gradually he felt that the subject was wrong, and instead he satisfied himself that it was a sea song, with the happy result that we all know.

"Nancy Lee" had a tremendous vogue, and its popularity can be best understood in my recalling an occasion, in my amateur days, when I was asked one evening by a hostess if I had brought some music and what I would sing? I replied, "'Nancy Lee.'" Her face fell, and she hastened to explain, "It has already been sung twice this evening." As I had no other music with me, needless to say I did *not* sing that evening.

La Cigale continued until the autumn. After I had played the part of Vincent Knapps for three months, I was given that of Chevalier Franz de Bernheim, which had been played since the production in London, by "Chevalier" Scovel for nine months. Although this was the tenor part, Caryll readjusted the music, and of course he arranged for me to keep in

that character, "Look with Thine Eyes into Mine."

In taking the Chevalier's part I played "opposite" Geraldine Ulmar. Since retiring from theatrical work, she has become a renowned coach for girls taking up the stage as a profession.

The part of Chevalier which Scovel played in *La Cigale* was his first and last appearance in light opera in London. He was an American who came to Europe, and carried on his musical studies in Italy; eventually, he went into Grand Opera, using the *nom d'opéra*, "Chevalier Scovello." Under this name he played the title-rôle in *Lohengrin* with conspicuous success, but dropped this Italian-sounding name when appearing in *La Cigale*.

While this opera was running at the Lyric, another piece, *Miss Decima*, was produced at the Criterion, the music of which was also composed by Audran. There was a refinement about the compositions of this Frenchman which raised his music far above *opéra bouffe*; in fact, they may be described as genuine *opéra comique*.

Later in the year, *Miss Decima* was transferred to the Prince of Wales's, with certain changes in the cast, at which juncture I joined it, *La Cigale* having come to an end; but, unfortunately, *Miss Decima* did not have a long run in its second home, though it deserved a better fate, if only on account of Miss M. A. Victor, a clever and

finished comedienne whom I first met in *The Lily of Léoville*.

I feel proud to record that I was with David James also in this cast, whom I remember so vividly in that wonderful comedy of H. J. Byron's *Our Boys*, first produced in January 1875 at the Vaudeville, playing for 1362 performances during the long partnership of James and Thorne. What a cast that was, including Amy Roselle (Mrs. Arthur Dacre) and Kate Bishop (mother of Marie Löhr).

One evening while I was playing, a man called at my home in Kensington, bringing a message to the effect that there had been an outbreak of fire at the theatre. He said that no one was hurt, and no great damage done, but that my entire wardrobe had been drenched in water, and therefore would some one kindly have dry clothes packed up for him to bring to me at the theatre.

In such an emergency, people do not stay to put questions, and this incident occurred before we had a telephone. It was only after an entire outfit had been hastily put into a gladstone bag and given to the man, that it occurred to any one to go further into the matter. Then doubts began to arise about the honesty of this indi-

vidual, so a cab was hailed and the theatre visited, only to discover that the doubts had been well founded. The whole thing was a hoax; there had been no fire. The wily thief had got away with a complete outfit, down to a precious silver pencil by which I set great store, having used it constantly in my schooldays.

There was an odd little sequel to this theft. A couple of days afterwards, a Victoria Station cloakroom ticket came to me by post. On going to the station, I found the gladstone bag, empty but for a worn pair of socks which were not mine.

This method of thieving is by no means original; there are always wily scoundrels about, ready to catch people off their guard.

Perhaps a little more uncommon, though, is the case of the judge who took his seat in Court one morning, apologising for being somewhat unpunctual.

"Memory does play tricks on one," said he, smiling genially on the assembled company. "I can quite understand how a witness makes mistakes sometimes in his evidence. I could have sworn I was wearing my watch when I came into Court this morning, but now I've just remembered I put it on the bathroom mantelpiece and left it there."

Three men immediately left the Court.

When the learned judge reached home that

evening, his wife greeted him with a puzzled look on her face. "What's all this fuss about your watch?" said she. "Three men came this morning, one after another, asking for your watch; they knew exactly where it was, too. Of course I gave it to the first one."

Who was more to blame—the wife or the judge?

CHAPTER V

PLAYING IN THE STATES, 1892–3—"WALDEMAR"—LILLIAN RUSSELL OPERA COMPANY—SALT LAKE

IN the spring of 1892 I went abroad for a short holiday, and while in Paris ran across T. Henry French, and there settled the details of the U.S.A. engagement which had been offered me before I left London. This engagement was for a contract with the Lillian Russell Opera Company. Being an American, I looked forward to this my first theatrical visit to the States with the keenest interest, and the prospects were very good. French, who was financing the tour, was son of dear old Samuel French, founder of Samuel French, Ltd., leading theatrical publishing company in London. One can best describe "T. Henry" by saying that he was the "Druriolanus" (Harris) of New York, at that time managing several theatres in that city. And this calls to mind a story of Nat Goodwin, who, when in London, was once told that he was the Arthur Roberts of America. He rebuked his informant gently: "Excuse me,"

said he; "Arthur Roberts is the Nat Goodwin of England."

This American tour did not begin until August, so in the meantime I made a contract with another management to go to America earlier, to appear in the part of Waldemar in *The Robber of the Rhine*, which was produced at H. C. Miner's New 5th Avenue Theatre in New York. This theatre had just been rebuilt after a fire which had destroyed the old premises. Maurice Barrymore (father of the well-known John and Ethel), when in England with Augustin Daly's American Company in the early 'eighties, had written the libretto, as mentioned before. Besides being with the Daly Company in London, Barrymore had won his spurs as a London favourite in *Jim the Penman* at the Haymarket, in which Lady Monckton (mother of Lionel Monckton) also made a wonderful success. I shall never forget her silent scene in the play, when sitting at her writing-desk she showed by facial expression her discovery of the forged signature.

I was very pleased at last to have this chance of appearing as Waldemar, and took over at request, to the States, the wonderful costume which had been specially made from the designs of Percy Anderson, but my disappointment can hardly be imagined when I found that the music of my dear friend Fullerton was not being used,

but that of Charles Puerner, who was a stranger to me.

Alas, the opera was not a success; it had a run of a few weeks only, which was most embarrassing to me, for it was a serious handicap to appear in a failure in America before the Lillian Russell tour started, and a very material handicap too, for it led Henry French to reduce considerably my engagement on the financial side, an arrangement which I was not in a position to refuse. I did not realise at the time how short-sighted I was in having appeared in the States before this engagement with French. It was a humiliating experience, but one which I do not altogether regret, for this tangle brought me into touch with E. S. Willard. I had never met this great man before, but such is the good feeling that exists in the profession that I had no hesitation in going to him, and very grateful is my recollection of his kindness, and the advice he offered me in my difficulties.

Willard will be remembered by playgoers for his fine performance of The Spider when playing with Wilson Barrett in *The Silver King* at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street. He was so able that he became one of our greatest actor-managers, of which, alas, there are too few to-day. He was particularly popular with the members of his companies, who greatly appreciated the fact that rehearsals under him were

punctual (not a common occurrence with most theatrical productions).

During my tour in America, his repertoire there included *The Professor's Love Story*, by J. M. Barrie, also *The Middleman*, by Henry Arthur Jones, and though at the time of writing it is thirty-five years or more since I saw him in these two plays I cannot forget the impression that his wonderful acting made upon me, and I felt it a great privilege to be playing with him some years later in London at a special charity matinée of *The Silver King*, given at His Majesty's Theatre. He was in his original part of The Spider, and H. B. Irving was playing Wilfred Denver. Willard's great histrionic ability is being splendidly carried on to-day by his nephew, Edmund Willard, who has built a big reputation for himself.

There was another unforgettable evening in the States, and that was the occasion on which I saw Joseph Jefferson give his marvellous impersonation of Rip Van Winkle.

The story of Rip Van Winkle is descriptive rather than dramatic, and yet Jefferson's production made such a profound impression upon his audience that after his death it was regarded almost as a sacrilege for any other actor in the States to take the part of Rip. Jefferson happened one day to be reading Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, and the magic of the name

of Rip Van Winkle caught him up—at that instant the character was born in him. I first saw Rip when I was taken, as a small boy, by my father to see Jefferson at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, and later, when I saw Fred Leslie in Planquette's musical setting of the play (as already mentioned), I was fired with ambition to go on the stage. So it was natural to go and see Jefferson again while I was in the States.

Our repertoire for the tour with the Lillian Russell Opera Company included *La Cigale*, *The Mountebanks*, *Giroflé-Giroflá*. I owe this engagement really to Dick Barker, for when he was in England on a holiday he came to the Lyric and heard me in *La Cigale*. When this opera was withdrawn, *The Mountebanks* was put on, and as Jack Robertson was chosen to play lead, I was free to go to America. Curiously enough, on our tour, *La Cigale* was followed by *The Mountebanks*, in which I appeared. It is a popular belief that I used to play at the Savoy in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas; but, as a matter of fact, the nearest approach to such a thing was in *The Mountebanks*; this was Gilbert without the Sullivan. At this time, Lillian Russell was the leading light opera star in the States; we had first met when she was in England playing in *Pocahontas*, and when it came to an end, she went straight back to America,

where she acquired great fame. She was a delightful artist to work with, and I can best describe her by saying that she had a nature as sweet as that of Florence St. John. She was always as popular with the members of her company as she was with the public.

Of all the places visited on this tour, I was most impressed by our stay in Salt Lake. What a wonderful site was chosen in the centre of a district more or less surrounded by mountains, from which a plentiful supply of fresh spring-water was always flowing. The enterprising inhabitants were not slow to make use of this natural feature, with the result that there was running water at the sides of nearly all the streets; and very beautiful they were, being some 80 to 100 feet wide, laid out with trees on either side. The famous Brigham Young had made a great point of this in planning the city, which at the time of my visit showed great promise.

The site had been chosen by the Mormons, who, after many unhappy years of wandering from one place to another, and being moved on constantly by the U.S. Government, at last, in 1847, reached the site of Salt Lake, where they received a grant that they need not move again. So with joy they set to work to build their homes, for which everything necessary they had brought with them, trekking across the plains in their caravans.

The first two public buildings to be erected were the wonderful Tabernacle and the Theatre, both of wood—the former, a low building with a great domed roof, the largest of its kind in the world, having seating accommodation for eight thousand people. It is a curious fact that wooden pegs instead of nails were used in the construction. One can easily imagine that those who planned the Royal Albert Hall might have had this building in mind, but in the matter of acoustics there is a vast difference; when a pin is dropped at the rostrum in the Tabernacle the sound can be heard clearly at the opposite end, whereas in the Albert Hall the acoustics have always been a difficult problem.

The next piece of public work was the building of a permanent Temple, the stone for which was taken from a neighbouring quarry. All labour connected with this great work was voluntary. I happened to be in Salt Lake City the year before it was finished; it was opened in 1893, forty years after the foundation-stone was laid. The edifice is very ornate, of grey granite, standing in Temple Square, in the centre of the beautifully laid-out city. The square is a ten-acre block, containing, in addition to the Tabernacle, Temple, and other buildings, the Seagull Monument, which commemorates the rescue by seagulls of the crops of the pioneers from hordes of crickets which invaded their valley. Surrounding the

SALT LAKE CITY (PRESENT TIME)

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Savage*

SALT LAKE CITY, 1892

square are streets named North, South, East, and West Temple Streets, and numbered consecutively.

Naturally, I wanted very much to see the inside of the Temple, but found, to my keen disappointment, that though every other building in the city was open to visitors, the Temple was closed except to those working upon it.

However, I thought it worth while to make another attempt, so secured an interview with one of the "Elders," and asked his permission to go in. He was very gracious, but quite unyielding, giving me the same answer I had had before, that only those engaged upon the work were allowed inside.

There was nothing more to be done about it, so I turned away, but had not gone more than a hundred yards before some one came running out of the "County Council House" with a message to say that it was a matter of regret that such discourtesy should have been shown to "travellers" from London, and that a carriage would be sent round for my wife and me the next day if we cared to see the city.

On the following morning a smart buckboard with a spanking pair arrived at our hotel, belonging to and driven by none other than Dr. Brougham Young, a son of the famous founder. He established himself as guide in the kindest manner, driving us all round the city, pointing

out and explaining places of interest, and finally finished up by complying with our request to be taken into the Temple itself, where he explained every detail.

The Temple is a marvellous building, unlike anything I have ever seen dedicated to worship, either in the States or any country of Europe which I have visited.

This action on the part of the Elders in allowing Dr. Young as a guide was quite unique, and we regarded ourselves as extremely fortunate in having the experience. We felt much indebted to him for his kindness and courtesy, and I thought that the only way in which I could make any return was to secure him seats, by permission of "T. Henry," for one of our performances. I was a little diffident at first about doing so, not knowing his attitude towards "rogues and vagabonds" (I had not so far revealed my business in Salt Lake).

However, in the course of conversation I learnt that the Mormons were devoted to the theatre, a fact I ought to have realised, since, as I have already mentioned, it was one of the first two buildings erected in their wonderful city.

Our next date was Ogden, and as Dr. Young happened to be going there at the same time, we invited him to travel with us on our "special" train, being glad to see a little more of him.

When he said good-bye, he gave my wife a copy of *The Book of Mormon* as a small memento, and for a long time we corresponded with him, and when a son of his came over to England, he paid us a visit—a little attention which we much appreciated.

And now, across the bridge of more than thirty-five years, comes a letter from Mr. Heber J. Grant, President of the Church of Latter-Day Saints. He writes thus :

"Salt Lake City, Utah.

"My dear Mr. Coffin,—The Lillian Russell Opera Co. visited Salt Lake at a time when I was the President of the Salt Lake Theater, where they appeared. By the way, I am still the President of that historic playhouse—I believe there is only one other theater now standing in America, which has not been razed, that is of the same age as our Salt Lake Theater. This building was erected when I was a small boy (I am now in my seventieth year) by Brigham Young, and at the time of its erection there were only 16,000 people in Salt Lake City. All the leading travelling companies still perform in the Salt Lake Theater.—With best wishes, I am, yours sincerely,

"Heber J. Grant."

The development of Salt Lake City during the last thirty years is one of the many wonders of the Western World. The population has now increased some tenfold. Just how much the inhabitants owe to those early pioneers, who set forth on what must have seemed a hopeless

quest, can never be known. But they knew how to endure, they knew how to work, and their descendants have followed their example of hard work and perseverance, and to-day are reaping their reward in the prosperity of the State.

Another city in the States that interested me very much (though in quite a different way from Salt Lake) was Washington—free from the busy hum of industry and commerce, it seemed to breathe a leisurely and cultured atmosphere. We spent a few delightful days sight-seeing as we were there on holiday. One afternoon I strolled into an antique store and spied a pair of Japanese bronze candlesticks which pleased me enormously. The price was more than I could afford and I made an offer, which was refused, so I came away hoping for better luck next time I went in.

But our time was drawing to an end in Washington and, much to my disgust, I could not find an opportunity of getting round that way again. Sunday morning came and we were driving off to the station, when suddenly I noticed we were passing that very bric-à-brac store, and the candlesticks were in the window. I leaped out of the cab and tried the door. To my astonishment it opened. I waited as long as I could, and then, as no one came, I picked up the candlesticks and, just where they had been

placed, left in "greenbacks" the sum *I* had offered. I only breathed relief when we were safely in the train and speeding from Washington away from the long arm of the Law which may yet drop upon me.

CHAPTER VI

SECOND ENGAGEMENT WITH GEORGE EDWARDES, 1893–1905 — "A GAIETY GIRL" — "AN ARTIST'S MODEL"—"THE GEISHA"—"A GREEK SLAVE"—"SAN TOY"—"A COUNTRY GIRL"—"THE CINGALEE"—"VÉRONIQUE"

WHILE playing at Chicago, during the Exhibition, I was negotiating with George Edwardes, and when the tour came to an end, had to hurry back to England in order to plunge into rehearsals for *A Gaiety Girl*. This was the first of a series of extraordinarily successful musical comedies produced by the master hand of the "Guv'nor."

A Gaiety Girl opened at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in the autumn of 1893, and ran for nearly eighteen months. It was the joint work of Owen Hall and Sidney Jones. "Owen Hall" was the pseudonym of a solicitor named James Davies. I am told that he was incessantly avoiding his creditors, so, when seeking a pen-name, one of his witty family suggested that he should assume the name of "Owen Hall," which he did, and he has always been known by that name in connection with his theatrical work. His writing was clever and amusing, though at times somewhat daring and personal, drawing occasional reproof from the Censor.

From the program of *A Gaiety Girl*, it will be seen that the parts were taken by artistes most of whom, since then, have held, or are still holding, prominent positions in the theatrical world.

At the last moment, the production of this musical comedy hung in the balance. Even up to twenty-four hours before the advertised opening, the licence had not been granted, so George Edwardes did the only thing possible under the circumstances—hastened down in person to the Devonshire home of the Licenser of Plays, secured an interview, and, after various concessions, arrived back in London with the licence in his pocket. No time was wasted in spreading the good news, and, as might be expected, there was a very crowded first night.

This was the first occasion on which I sang "Tommy Atkins," and it was received with great enthusiasm. The song was composed by S. Potter, with words by Harry Hamilton, its full and published title being "Private Tommy Atkins."

Before this it had been sung in public by Charles Arnold in a military sketch. Arnold had made a great success with Minnie Palmer in the musical play, *My Sweetheart*, which her husband, John Rogers, brought over to England from the States. It had a long run over here at the old Strand Theatre, and it is amusing to recall that it was in this piece that Ben Greet (now Sir Philip) played so brilliantly the part of a dude, who had a catch phrase, "Dash it all!" linked with a comical halting step every time he spoke the line. Since those days he has been for many years one of our leading producers of Shakespeare and other literary works.

Also in *My Sweetheart* another clever sketch, that of a tramp, was given, with the phrase, "Yer luvin' 'usband's waiting for yer artside." The tramp might have sat for Pears' familiar advertisement, "Since when I have used no other."

The success of "Tommy Atkins" in *A Gaiety Girl* was to me a great surprise. When I first tried it over, I must own that I did not think much of it, and frankly said so, which only shows

A Gaiety Girl
(Six Members of the Company)

how difficult it is to judge, for like "Queen of my Heart," this song has come to be associated with my name. The simple words fit the music, which has a catchy air, and there is still a considerable sale for the song. If, when singing in public, I give sailor songs, such as "The Dover Patrol" and "Jack's the Boy," a voice almost invariably calls out, "Where does the Army come in? Give us 'Tommy Atkins.'"

Another song in *A Gaiety Girl* found great favour with the public. It was called "Sunshine Above," and had a beautiful waltz refrain, which was a help to the last act.

A Gaiety Girl was transferred to Daly's in 1894, and had a very successful run until early in 1895.

In this piece is seen one of the many instances of the astuteness of George Edwardes, who easily came first as the cleverest manager of "musical comedy" (a title he invented) of his day. He had great insight into the ability of each member of his company, and was rarely at fault in his judgment. Added to this, he acquired the habit of always looking at the production from the point of view of the audience as well as that of the producer, and so, with his finger ever on the pulse of the playgoing public, over the period of twelve consecutive years, during which time I had the privilege of being with him, to say nothing of his productions of later

years, he produced "Musical Comedies" which secured wonderful runs. Here are a few of them:

A Gaiety Girl,	which ran	413	nights.
An Artist's Model	„	405	„
The Geisha	„	760	„
A Greek Slave	„	352	„
San Toy	„	778	„
A Country Girl	„	729	„
The Cingalee	„	363	„
Véronique	„	495	„

These alone give some idea of his cleverness in gauging the public taste. Edwardes always regarded London as the factory for production of these plays. He sent them out on tour, not only to the provinces but also to the Continent, and still farther afield to the Colonies and U.S.A. Large profits were made on these tours, and not always on the run of the piece in London.

After so many years, it is pleasant to look back on the early days with George Edwardes. There was a memorable occasion, before I was under his management, when we met at my club, the Salisbury, to talk over business matters. This club, in St. James's Square, was in those days exceptional, in that members were permitted to invite ladies. Nowadays there are very few clubs where this is not the rule.

I asked Edwardes on this particular evening to have a bite of supper with me, and the dish he chose was none other than his favourite combination of poached eggs on toast and a bottle of claret. It sounds an odd mixture, but it only needs a trial for one to realise how excellent a light dish it is on which to retire.

One afternoon, when I was at an " At Home " given by his wife, the nervous maid came to announce that my cab was at the door, and, much to the enjoyment of those present, she made the staggering statement, " Please Mr. Cab, your Coffin is waiting for you."

It may be remembered that Mrs. George Edwardes was Julia Gwyn, one of the " Three Little Maids from School " in the *Mikado* at the Savoy. She also played in other Gilbert and Sullivan operas while Edwardes was business manager at that theatre, before taking over the Gaiety.

Though not having had a musical training, Edwardes had a knack of knowing what he wanted in the matter of orchestration.

If, after a night or two, a song did not succeed, he had no compunction about taking it out and replacing it with something else with which to gauge the public taste. This often meant infinite trouble and patience, for he would not be satisfied till he felt he had got the right song in the right setting, and during these times he

would often be so utterly absorbed with what he had in hand that when giving hasty directions he would have done credit to Mrs. Malaprop. Once he was asking Paul Rubens to compose a special number. "Look here, Paul," he said, in that curious low, plaintive, almost complaining tone that was peculiar to him, "I want you to write something for Miss So-and-so; let it be something sweet and dainty, something like *Tolstoi's* "Good-bye." There was another story about Rubens and the "Guv'nor." Once, when they were having a game of golf, they could not agree about the number of strokes, and after a long argument, Paul, quite unconvinced, had to pay up 5s., remarking as he handed it over, "Next time I play with you I'll bring your accountant."

Hard on the heels of *A Gaiety Girl* came its successor, *An Artist's Model*, produced at Daly's, having a long run—only eight performances fewer than its predecessor.

In 1895, England was passing through troublous times with South Africa, in which Germany was involved, and when Edwardes, in need of a stirring patriotic song, turned to Harry Hamilton, the writer of "Tommy Atkins," he soon produced another entitled "Hands Off," which was set to music by Frederick Rosse. Of course, the lyrics had to be submitted to the Censor, and when it was found that he

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK]

[*Hana*

OWEN HALL

GEORGE EDWARDES

SIDNEY JONES

was away in Devonshire, rather than delay the singing of the song, Edwardes, unable to go in person as he did over *A Gaiety Girl*, sent a messenger down there with all speed to get his signature of approval.

On his arrival at the house in Devon, the messenger learnt that the Censor was out shooting, so, the way being pointed out, off he went, and at last found the great man for whom he was in search. There and then, in the open field, he produced the words of the new song; the Censor scanned them hastily, but refused to sign permission to introduce them into the piece.

The song was to be sung that very night; indeed, it had already been sung at the matinée, so back sped the messenger as fast as train could bring him to Paddington, and leaping into a hansom, he arrived at the theatre at the very moment I was on the stage singing the song. A good thing this was before the days of aeroplanes, otherwise I should not have got the song in—there were no taxis either at that date.

It was an awkward moment for Edwardes, but he took the only course open to him—had the messenger shown to his private room, and kept him there in conversation until the song was over. Here are Hamilton's original words:

"HANDS OFF"

A National Patriotic Song

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England itself do rest but true!"—"King John."

I

England, to arms! The need is nigh,
The danger at your gate;
In long array your foes ally—
A league of greed and hate.
Not ours the crime of war accurst,
But once let war begin,
They'll have to kill the Lion first
Who'd wear the Lion's skin!

Chorus—
Hands off, Germany! Hands off, all!
Kruger boasts and Kaiser brags; Britons, hear the call!
Back to back the world around, answer with a will—
"England for her own, my boys! It's 'Rule Britannia' still!"

II

Let Pinchbeck Cæsar strut and crow,
Let eagles scream of "War"!
No jot we bate, no right forgo,
We've stood alone before.
When all the world was just as great
And we were half our size,
We faced the world in grim debate,
And blacked the bully's eyes!

Chorus—
Hands off, Germany! etc.

III

The men of great Elizabeth
  Were cast in heroes' mould;
Shall we then speak with bated breath
  Of Jameson e'en as bold?
Our Drakes and Raleighs made some noise
  For fame to dare and do,
And if they "filibustered," boys,
  We'll "filibuster" too!

Chorus—
Hands off, Germany! etc.

IV

Go, tell the world our watchword now,
  Let deep proclaim to deep,
The crown that shines on England's brow
  Her sons' right hands will keep.
The Empire that our fathers got
  It is not ended yet,
And on it, as the sun sets not,
  No sun shall *ever* set!

Chorus—
Hands off, Germany! etc.

Of course those to which the Censor had taken exception were not sung in public after that night; the chorus, instead, ran as follows:

Chorus—
"Hands off, each of you! Hands off, all!
Deutscher boasts and bantam brags; Britons, hear the call!
Back to back the world around, answer with a will—
"England for her own, my boys! It's 'Rule Britannia' still!'"

Also, in verse II., instead of "Pinchbeck Cæsar," the words "jealous rivals" were inserted; and again, "heroes" instead of "Jameson" in verse III.

The Obersteiger Valse was very much in vogue — sung and danced everywhere — so Edwardes had it arranged as a vocal duet for Marie Tempest and me, finishing with a valse dance. This gained tremendous applause, but after a few days the owners of the rights refused to let us go on with it, so in order to keep the same situation, Sidney Jones was requested to compose new music to the same words. I well remember on the first night of the change how difficult my partner and I found it not to start off with the Obersteiger melody, and it was no easy job to sing the same words to a new tune.

The ballroom scene was very fine, Edwardes, with his keen eye for detail and realistic effect, having had a parquet floor laid down, and it was a great disappointment to us that when the production was taken over to the Lyric, after nearly a year at Daly's, the parquet floor could not be moved as well.

I remember an odd thing that happened at Daly's one evening while the piece was running there. I was seated on a stool by the easel at the back of the stage singing a solo, when suddenly, owing to some defect in the hydraulic pressure, the iron curtain began slowly to

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Ellis*

SELF, AS RUDOLPH BLAIR
(*An Artist's Model*)

descend. If it continued, it was obvious that the back of the stage would very soon be hidden from the gallery, so the only thing to do, other than interrupting the scene, was to keep pace with the curtain, and as it came down, edge the stool forward, singing at the same time, and thus be seen by the whole audience for as long as possible.

Fortunately, when it was half-way down, it stuck just at the very moment that I had edged the stool sufficiently forward to be nearly underneath, thus affording the audience much entertainment and, of course, getting the best encore the song had ever received.

Owen Hall and Sidney Jones were the collaborators in *An Artist's Model*, and there were clever and amusing lyrics by Harry Greenbank. Then there was a poem written by Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), and exquisitely set to music by my good friend Frances Allitsen, which seemed peculiarly suitable for the piece. Edwardes thoroughly approved of the introduction of the song; it was called "Love is a Bubble," and was deservedly popular. Here was another instance of the "Guv'nor's" foresight. He had a reputation for making people work, and, what is more, work of their own free will. This he achieved by keeping up a spirit of keen competition among those in his employ. Thus, if a member of the company brought a

suitable song from outside, the composer of the opera, conscious of a certain amount of rivalry, was spurred to give of his best.

The same with the artists. For instance, there were Letty Lind and Marie Tempest, both most brilliant artists in their work, but by keeping them rivals, as it were, in the same production, it was always a dead heat as to which of the two could really claim to be leading lady. Little wonder, then, that a "George Edwardes" production ensured a high standard of excellence.

An Artist's Model was very popular, and when it was withdrawn, was followed by undoubtedly the best work of its kind—*The Geisha*. This was a light opera of very high level. The dialogue was smart, and there was more plot than was usually found in musical comedies. As regards the music, Sidney Jones surpassed all his other compositions. In the first finale he introduced a beautiful movement resembling a madrigal; then, too, there was an exceptional number of good solos. Mention also must be made of Harry Greenbank, who supplied some excellent lyrics, as in the previous production. Three musical numbers were introduced: "The Jewel of Asia," music by James Philp, sung by Marie Tempest; "The Toy Monkey," sung by Letty Lind, and "Jack's the Boy," both composed by Lionel Monckton.

At the end of the first night's performance, there was no doubt that *The Geisha* had come to stay. Its success was assured. The Japanese scenery, by W. Telbin, was very effective and beautifully arranged, all the details having been carefully supervised by Mr. Arthur Diosy, of the Japanese Legation, and the "japanning" of *The Geisha* was largely due to his interest and efforts. Percy Anderson designed the beautiful costumes.

Edwardes worked hard, and he expected his company to work hard too. For the first six months of the run of *The Geisha*, scarcely a day passed but chorus or principals, frequently both, were summoned for rehearsal. But it must be recorded how great was the appreciation of the "Guv'nor" for the work and co-operation of every member of his company, and he showed his appreciation by making presents to every one of the cast on special occasions such as anniversaries of the runs of the pieces.

On one of these occasions the gift that fell to me was a handsome pair of sleeve-links, set with diamonds. I was deeply grateful for the recognition, but as I never cared to wear diamonds, I asked if I might go and change them for something else?

"By all means," said the generous donor; "go and choose what you would like in place of them." So off I went to the Bond Street

firm from whom they had been purchased, and exchanged the sleeve-links for a beautiful solid silver tea and coffee set.

Edwardes practically instituted the custom of giving away souvenirs on special occasions, which usually took the form of a score of the music, beautifully bound, or a collection of photographs of the company; on one occasion he gave a finely bound birthday book with quotations from plays of his production, and on another, during the run of *Véronique*, a delightful volume of annotations about the opera.

The Geisha has been produced in most other countries besides our own, not to mention the Colonies. France, oddly enough, took exception to the original book, which was afterwards modified there for production, but in many other parts of the Continent it was received very well. Once when on a visit to Rome I saw a delightful performance of it, played by children. There were various alterations; for instance, three acts instead of two. I think what stands out most particularly in my mind was the odd effect produced by many of the children being of such uneven height, no care having been taken in this respect.

During these years at Daly's, artists and orchestra were, on the whole, on good terms with one another. Not seeing much of the orchestra except over the footlights, I contrived

to get into touch with them on special occasions such as anniversaries, etc., as I have always felt the need of a sympathetic understanding between those of the company before and behind the curtain.

While *The Geisha* was running, when my birthday came round one year, I thought I would have some fun with the orchestra, so sent a package along to the leader (first fiddle) containing a spoof five-pound note for every member of the orchestra. They were notes used in the "tempitation" scene between Huntley Wright and me. At the end of the first act, the recipients held a consultation as to the best method of retaliation. At my next entrance in the play, each man put his hand into his pocket and crumpled up his note as loudly as possible. I thoroughly enjoyed being paid out in this way, but the conductor, knowing nothing of the spoof, was surprised at their behaviour, so came round to my dressing-room, when I explained it was my birthday.

This conductor was Victor Champion, a very pleasant man, whom I remember as always being calm and unruffled, brother to E. J. Lonnen, the famous Gaiety comedian.

These spurious five-pound notes were advertisements of a firm of distillers, printed on such excellent paper that they made a crackling noise similar to that of real paper money. Indeed,

they were such a good imitation that it was thought advisable by the Government on the advice of Mr. Bowen, who was then chief cashier of the Bank of England, to stop their circulation as advertisements lest they should be mistaken for the real article abroad. There was even the split F.

It was, I believe, during the run of *The Geisha* that Edwardes wanted an extra number for me, and having what he considered were suitable words, asked Lawrence Kellie to set them to music. Kellie replied by sending along a dainty little love song, "Down where the Rivers meet," with a waltz refrain, but when the "Guv'nor" heard it, he did not think it was exactly what he wanted, so he wrote to Kellie and told him so, at the same time asking if he was willing to compose something else. This time Kellie wrote words and music of a beautiful song entitled "If to be True." This was quite a different class of song from the other, and was really too passionate and stirring for a musical comedy, and though Edwardes realised it would not fit the situation for which he wanted it, he was reluctant to refuse it altogether, and in thinking to make it more popular and suitable, he wrote and asked Kellie if he could turn the song into a duet for Marie Tempest and myself. The composer's reply was a telegram, short and to the point: "No, I can't, can you?"

The music is characteristic of the composer's style; here are the words:

"If to be true be to love well—as only true lover can,
Living for nought in the whole world save for whatever you plan.
Just for this little treasure, sweet token, one spray of rue,
To lay at your feet, my life dear, and live to be true to you.

If to be good be to do well, as only strong manhood shall,
Soothing the sorrowing ones, dear, ready when duty doth call.
Just while your lips shall praise me, and help me the whole day through,
Then go on my knees to God, dear, and pray to be true to you!

If to be brave be to fight well, as only great warrior may,
When face to face with the death, dear, still keeping the foe at bay!
Just while I whisper your name, dear, shall God give me strength anew,
To dare e'en the flame and the torture, to die to be brave for you."

The Geisha ran at Daly's for more than two years. I have just spoken of the "daily" rehearsals that went on for the first six months, but this does not mean that rehearsals ended there. If any alteration had to be made, or a new song inserted, of course a rehearsal was

called, often at the end of the evening's work, to avoid bringing the players to the theatre the next morning. This became such a frequent occurrence that some one, evidently a wag, was moved to write the following satire, which I found recently among some old papers. It is not difficult to recognise the members of Daly's against whom the skit is levelled (see program).

"A DAILY REHEARSAL"

A Play in One Act

Dramatis Personæ

Mr. Havvem Offen (The Hero).
Miss Hurricane (The Shero).
Miss Lettim Live (The other Lady).
Mr. Kross.
Mr. Phor Valour, V.C. (The Conductor).
Orchestra, Chorus, Critics, and Others—mostly Others.

Music by Wagner Bjones
Produced under the direction of Mr. Success
Stage Manager, Mr. Bilson

Performed at St. George's Hall

"A DAILY REHEARSAL"

Scene: The Stage—upset. *Time:* 11.30 p.m. Band starts playing; when half-way through the music, Mr. Offen appears, drawing back curtain. Band stops.

Mr. Offen: I hope I have not kept you waiting, gentlemen.
The Band: (*Resigned.*) Oh, no!

MR. OFFEN: (*Talking in a loud whisper to conductor.*) Do you know HE is coming to-night to hear me recite that song of Wagner Bjones, "Only £70 a Week," so, if you don't mind, we'll try it over once or twice before he comes.

CONDUCTOR: Yes, certainly. Come on, gentlemen, Mr. Offen's song.

(*Band starts—does three bars—then stopped by Mr. Offen.*)

MR. OFFEN: If I might suggest that the gentlemen will imitate the falling leaves of a tree three miles off!

(*Band recommences, but is stopped by the entrance into a Stall of a big Cigar, accompanied by some Critics (?) anxious to show their interest in something they know nothing about, and to give advice about it.*)

CIGAR: (*Speaking.*) One moment!

MR. OFFEN: (*Kneeling.*) (*To conductor.*) You know the sixth bar? I have a little point there. You might—— (*interrupted by Cigar.*)

CIGAR: (*Shouting out.*) Where are Miss Hurricane and Miss Lettim Live? We can't keep the ladies and gentlemen waiting all night for them! Charlie, go and call them.

(*Call-boy goes up and calls them.*)

MR. OFFEN: (*To Cigar.*) Don't you think that if half the Chorus were to go up in the gallery and half into the flies for that song, it would sound better?

CIGAR: Well, we can try it.

Enter Misses HURRICANE *and* LETTIM LIVE.

MISS HURRI.: I'm not wanted for this, am I?

CIGAR: Yes, you have to laugh and go off.

MISS LIVE: I say, I'm not in this scene at all!

CIGAR: Yes, you are, Lettim. You are behind the scenes—supposed to be imprisoned by the Marquis. Now, Bilson, we're all here now, go on!

MR. OFFEN: I don't like that light. Put the light-blue on. That's right! I say, Mr. Kross, what's the matter with the Chorus?

MR. KROSS: Well, Mr. Offen, they've been rehearsing here all day—three have fainted, and two have gone out to get something.

ORCHESTRA: (*Grumbling to conductor.*) Some of us have to catch trains; we haven't carriages waiting for us! (*Left grumbling.*)

MR. OFFEN: If I might suggest a point. These limes don't suit me a bit; so can I try them over a little by myself?

CIGAR: Here, you limelights! Put every colour on till you satisfy Mr. Offen.

VOICE IN ORCHESTRA: He's sure to be a quarter of an hour over his complexion. Who's coming out before the pubs close?

(*Exit half the Band.*)

(*Cigar looks round the Stalls, sees a very sporting looking gentleman. Shouts out to him.*)

CIGAR: I say, Jimmy, is that right—that you have changed your name to Jimmy Pay-Up?

JIMMY: No, I'm still Owen All.

(*Roars of laughter, interrupted by Offen dragging the limelight man off his perch and punching him for putting the red light on his hair, making him look carroty. Limelight man hits him back hard in the ribs, doubling him up.*)

CIGAR: (*Looking round suddenly, and knowing nothing of the row. Addressing Offen.*) Now that expression and colour does suit you! If the limelight man can only do that every night, he'll satisfy everybody.

(*Orchestra gets impatient, and scrape their feet.*)

CONDUCTOR: (*To Cigar.*) Shall we go on now, sir?

CIGAR: Yes!

MR. OFFEN: Do you know, I don't like the harmony of this song, somehow!

CIGAR: No! Neither do I. There's not enough minor in the Bass. I say, is Miss Live behind there? (*A snore is heard.*)

(*Call-boy wakes up Miss Live, who comes on stage, speaking.*)

MISS LIVE: I say, Cigar, do let me have a glass of wine and a sandwich!

CIGAR: Yes, certainly!

CHORUS-MASTER: Are the ladies and gentlemen of the Chorus wanted now, sir? They are still up in the gallery and flies!

CIGAR: Certainly! What's this rehearsal for?

MISS HURRI.: I say, when do I say my "Ha-ha"?——

MR. OFFEN: (*Interrupting.*) Is Mr. Wagner Bjones here?

VOICE FROM STALLS: Yes, I'm here!

MR. OFFEN: Do you mind my altering the last two bars and cutting out that E flat in the middle, as it seems wrong to me? I should also like to introduce the top F, that is, if you could cut out the Flute, Clarinet, and Bassoon parts. I'll try it, and show you what I mean.

(*Explains to conductor, then sings, . . . Song finished.*)

WAGNER BJ.: Is that my song, "Only £70 a Week"?

MR. OFFEN: Certainly!

WAGNER BJ.: Well, Mr. Offen, you might leave me two original bars in it, so that I shall know it for copyright purposes!

CIGAR: Mr. Offen, are you ready?

MR. OFFEN: Yes!

MR. KROSS: (*Entering.*) I say, are the Chorus wanted any more? They are still in the gods and flies!

CIGAR: Yes, let 'em stop there!

MR. OFFEN: I suggest that we go through it once and finish, as I know the ladies and gentlemen must be tired.

(*Kross faints, Conductor weeps, a Member of the Orchestra is heard to say "Mother!"*)

MISS HURRI.: I say, when do I say my "Ha-ha"?

CIGAR: Oh, it's all right now, you can go.

(*Exit Miss Hurricane, saying something.*)

CIGAR: (*Turning to his friends.*) I say, coming to the Club? I've had enough of this! (*Exit.*)

MR. KROSS: Mr. Offen, how are we going to do it to-morrow night?

MR. OFFEN: I don't know. The same as last night, I suppose We must have another call. Good night—or rather, good morning! Charlie, is my carriage at the door?

(*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

The little playlet was a sign of the good comradeship which existed in the theatre between those before and those behind the curtain, and I am grateful to the author for

such a pleasing reminder of the old days at Daly's Theatre.

The Geisha was immediately followed by *A Greek Slave*. Instead of up-to-date life in Japan, the scenes had their setting on the heights of Rome in the first Christian century.

The first act had an especially beautiful setting. The interior of a Roman villa with its perspective of columns and alcove of mosaic was a masterpiece. The idea of Diomed, the statue of the Greek slave, coming to life one could imagine had been taken from the story of Galatea.

The set for one of the acts was so heavy and elaborate that it could not be brought into the theatre on the first night, but had to be left in an alley outside the stage door. However, it was made right by the next evening.

Owen Hall had written a good plot, in which there were some strong and dramatic situations, and both Adrian Ross and Harry Greenbank were responsible for excellent lyrics. Altogether, it was a very fine production, and, as will be seen from the cast, it had good support. But even so, *A Greek Slave* did not have as long a run as might have been expected.

It is noticeable how Edwardes avoided monotony in his musical comedies—each production was in striking contrast to its predecessor—after *The Greek Slave*, although we now go to the East again, this time it is to China for *San Toy*,

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Ellis*

SELF, AS DIOMED
(*A Greek Slave*)

which proved as popular as *The Geisha*, running for about the same length of time, over two years. *San Toy* was written by Edward Morton, who was on the Staff of the *Referee*, a most genial, friendly man and popular with everybody.

Adrian Ross and Harry Greenbank again combined in writing the lyrics. Harry Greenbank, alas, passed away before the production. He had a delightful personality, and his collaborator, Adrian Ross, paid the following tribute to him:

"Under the shadow of the wings of Death,
He gave us laughter for our leisure time,
Shaping with failing hand and ebbing breath
His stainless humour into faultless rhyme.
He met the looming menace of the grave
Year after year; and when it came to fall,
He passed into the dimness, bright and brave,
A dearer friend to some, a friend to all."

Adrian Ross has been a master of lyrical writing ever since he first came before the public. He collaborated with J. T. Tanner in *In Town*, which was produced by George Edwardes in 1892, Osmond Carr composing the music. Ross is a Cambridge don, yet has always found time to write lyrics for the stage, which are invariably clever and witty.

The Boer War was going on in South Africa while *San Toy* was running, and Edwardes, on the look out for a military song, bethought him

of "Tommy Atkins" again, which, with the insertion of topical verses about the war, fired the imagination of British audiences and made a strong appeal. On Mafeking night there was a memorable performance at Daly's. When I came to the end of "Tommy Atkins," the audience went simply crazy with delight, their enthusiasm knew no bounds, and they did the maddest things, even going as far as throwing money on the stage. Some one hurled a shilling which found its bull's eye on my head. I picked it up to keep as a memento, had it cut in half, giving one to Barter Johns, the musical director, who had contributed greatly to the revived success of the song by his masterful re-orchestration for this production, and wore the other half on my own watch-chain for many a long day.

Marie Tempest, who had been associated with previous productions of George Edwardes, played in *San Toy* for a few weeks only, this being the end of her work in musical comedy, and when she left the cast, Florence Collingbourne took her place. The latter made such a success of the part that she was promoted to play the leading lady at the New Gaiety in *The Orchid*, but on her marriage, shortly afterwards, gave up her stage career, which was a loss to the public.

There was a delightful song in *San Toy* which old playgoers will remember, "The Petals of the Plum Tree." It was written for the part of

San Toy, and after Marie Tempest had gone, I thought I would like to grab this plum, so asked Edwardes to allot the song to me. He was, naturally, rather dubious at first, but in the end, to my great delight, gave his consent.

Much might be written about each of these successful productions, but except to the old and keenly interested playgoers, long accounts would only prove boring. "Musical comedy" is looked upon by many people as a very light entertainment, the music scarcely worthy of the name, the story minus any plot, and the whole production regarded only as an evening's diversion, to be immediately dismissed from the mind (*vide* the Press); these are not my sentiments, and it has been fortunate for me that millions are of my way of thinking.

It has already been mentioned that Edwardes coined the term "musical comedy." Under his control they became fine productions—the music of no mean order, some of the lyrics perfect gems. The "Guv'nor" was a past-master at his work, and since his death there has been no one to equal him.

From *San Toy* we passed to *A Country Girl*, with an equally long run. Paul Rubens wrote several extra musical numbers for this production. I had a jolly song which I persuaded Edwardes to insert, "A Sailor's Life," by the late H. Lane Wilson. It went with a good swing,

and was very suitable for the part, that of a naval officer.

The first night of *A Country Girl* will not easily be forgotten by those who were working at Daly's, for at eight o'clock the scene painters were still at work on the set for the second act. We were thirty-five minutes late in beginning, and the patience of the audience must have been considerably tried, but when the curtain at last went up on a beautiful Devonshire landscape, the handiwork of Hawes Craven, any delay was at once forgotten.

Another memorable first night was *San Toy*. London had selected that evening for one of its pet fogs, with the result that we opened an hour late, and at the rise of the curtain there were not more than forty or fifty people in the house.

The next production after *A Country Girl* was *The Cingalee*, with the same combination of successful collaborateurs—J. T. Tanner, Lionel Monckton, Adrian Ross, and Percy Greenbank, with Paul Rubens' additional musical numbers.

I was not in the cast for very long, as previous arrangements had been made for me to appear as Florestan in *Véronique*, at the Apollo Theatre, though I must hasten to add that I did not create the part in the English production.

Véronique was a French musical play, the book by A. Vanhoo and G. Duval, the music by M. André Messager, so long the famous musical

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Ellis & Walery*

HAYDEN COFFIN SYBIL ARUNDALE

(*The Cingalee*)

director of the Opera House in Paris. This production had been brought over to England and played at the Coronet Theatre in French for two or three weeks in 1903.

Harry Hamilton adapted the English translation made by Lilian Eldée, who also supplied the lyrics, these being adapted by Percy Greenbank, and on the 18th May 1904 it was played for the first time in its English form at the Apollo Theatre, and ran for 495 nights.

Véronique had a wonderful reception, playing to crowded and enthusiastic audiences, and the clever French composer, Messager, was eulogised for the "fragrant wildflower music." I joined the cast a few months later after its opening, taking Lawrence Rea's part of Florestan.

During the run of *Véronique*, beautiful souvenirs were given away in the form of annotated programs—a suggestion I made to Arthur Wood, the musical director, who gave considerable help in the matter. This was the class of program often used at classical concerts, also at "Monday Pops"; they were first introduced by John Ella, Director of "The Musical Union" in Willis' Rooms, King Street, St. James's, when the house was devoted to

music before they became sale-rooms. As a small boy I was taken by my father either there or to Evans' supper-rooms, I cannot remember which, and I shall never forget Molloy's famous song, " The Vagabond." I wish I could recall the name of the singer; he must have given a wonderful rendering to have made so big an impression on such a youngster.

With the end of the run of *Véronique*, this exceptionally long association with Edwardes came to an end. I had begun in *Dorothy* under him, until the piece changed hands; then came this unique experience of twelve consecutive years with him, from 1893–1905, and I finally returned to him in 1910 for the long run of *The Quaker Girl*. Altogether I was about fourteen years under his management.

Looking back on these times, I regard them as the happiest years of my stage career. He was a continual inspiration, and the hardest work done under his direction was at once a delight and a pleasure.

During his years at Daly's, Edwardes was also superintending productions of other musical comedies at the Gaiety and elsewhere, and after a long and successful series of British productions, turned his attention to Viennese light opera, producing in 1907 at Daly's Theatre *The Merry Widow*, which was a huge success there, as it had been abroad. Franz Lehar had made his

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK

RUTH VINCENT AND HAYDEN COFFIN

[*Ellis & Walery*

HAYDEN COFFIN AND ISABEL JAY

reputation with that work in Vienna. During the run of *The Merry Widow* I was offered the leading part, but it was impossible to accept it as I was booked.

CHAPTER VII

THOUGHTS ON "EVERYMAN" — AUTOGRAPHS — "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER," 1906— "TOM JONES," 1907—VARIETY

IT is almost a commonplace that a low-comedy artist, with face and form designed by nature for his calling, should go through life with a deep-seated longing to play Hamlet, or, at any rate, some big part in tragedy. Such a state of things is not so very far removed from my own. Though my stage calling has been that of Musical Comedy, I have always leaned to the more dramatic side—not that I have ever desired to play Hamlet or any other heavy part —but I have often wished that my work had lain in a more serious direction, and my longings were increased a hundredfold the first time that I saw the marvellous morality play, *Everyman*. William Poel, that great student of Elizabethan drama, did great service to the English stage in his revivals of old plays. Under his auspices, *Everyman* was produced by the Elizabethan Stage Society. It is thought that the play was written towards the end of the sixteenth century,

and it must have been lying dormant perhaps for a hundred years or more when Poel revived it about thirty years ago. Soon afterwards Greet took it over to America, where it had an enormous vogue, especially in the Eastern States (for a long time even Frohman held aloof, having no faith in the play). Since this time it has been revived on many occasions, and is now almost an annual affair in the hands of one producer or another. Poel's original production attracted me tremendously, and in those early days of its revival I went to see it on every possible occasion. I remember it at St. George's Hall, the Imperial Theatre, the Court, the Coronet, also at Church House, Westminster, and other places, but, much as it attracted me, I longed, and still do long, to see it rendered in a somewhat different manner. To begin with, I always felt that a man should play the title-rôle. Again, I wanted to see Death represented as something uplifting and beautiful, not in the ugly garb of a skeleton man. I also longed for music (in *melos* form) as a fitting frame in which to set off the beauty and austerity of the text. With such thoughts in my heart, I approached Elgar, and also talked it over with Coleridge-Taylor. Finally I went to my old friend, Raymond Roze, who at the time was lying seriously ill in St. Thomas's Hospital; indeed, his life was hanging on a thread. I took him

the book, which gave him a new interest, lifting him wonderfully out of his low physical condition, and while still lying in hospital he composed the music, with a "motif" for each character. As regards the costumes, it was only natural that I should turn to Percy Anderson, who designed beautiful dresses for me of no particular period but to suit all time, and by his gorgeous colouring gave the effect of stained glass in a church window.

Father Bernard Vaughan showed great interest, and offered to give his patronage and help, but of course it had to be conditional with production being on Roman Catholic lines. Such conditions I could not accept, as my whole conception of the play is that the teaching is far above doctrine and must embrace all creeds. On these lines I prepared a production and was fortunate in getting Tree to allow me to give an audition at His Majesty's Theatre, but it was a great pity that on the appointed day he was far from well, and though present with his manager, Henry Dana, could not keep his mind on the piece, and later I received a letter from Dana expressing Tree's regret at not being able to give the production of *Everyman* I had arranged. Some day I hope my dream of some such production of *Everyman* may be fulfilled.

Raymond Roze had composed the music

for many productions, such as *Trilby*, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, etc., and later produced two operas at Covent Garden, *Joan of Arc* and *Cleopatra*. He was the son of Madame Marie Roze, the famous soprano of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. She was also a star in the company of Colonel Mapleson, whose attempt at erecting an opera-house in London ended in failure like that of others. He began to build on the Embankment next to Westminster Underground, and some years afterwards, what was once the beginning of a magnificent opera-house became the foundation on which New Scotland Yard was built. He designed an underground passage to connect the opera-house with the Houses of Parliament; this was to enable Members of both Lords and Commons to find distraction from debates in the easiest way. I believe the passage still exists, now connecting the Underground Station with "the House."

Any one whose name is well known to the public is likely to receive letters from time to time from complete strangers. These communications are of every variety, flattering or the reverse; often they contain a simple request for an autograph. Such a request is never despised by the recipient, for at any rate it is a sign of recognition which always acts as a spur and encouragement to the worker; but to no one is it more essential than to the public

performer, for, whether on stage, screen, or platform, the artist is there to please the public and win their approval. Requests for an autograph always give the feeling that one is getting on and becoming known and liked, although to comply with them takes up a good deal of time.

At first I readily sent my autograph in response to all and sundry, and was proud to do so, and like others in the public eye, not only members of the "profession," I had a form printed and sent in reply to these autograph-hunters to say that on receipt of a small sum (or, of course, large if so desired) towards a charity, my signature would be forwarded. The charity I first

selected was The Battersea Home for Lost Dogs.

The answers received in reply to this card were often very entertaining. Sometimes the money came promptly, often quite a big sum, accompanied by a note of goodwill and pleasure at the idea of helping the animals. Others remained silent, perhaps because they did not wish their money to " go to the dogs."

This thought urged me to change my charity, and I next chose " Our Dumb Friends' League," thus giving a wider field. This society, which it has been my privilege to help on more than one occasion, was ably started and engineered into success by the late Arthur Coke, a friend of my younger days—jovial and popular, and, because of his diminutive height, known among us as " Baby Coke."

The money came in well, and as I found the League was having good support I gave it up to benefit something nearer home, and bethought me of the little Kensington Hospital for Children, then in Church Street, which was sadly in want of funds.

But often the very person who " would give anything to possess " the desired signature did not think it worth having if money was expected in return. Indeed, some of these very people wrote candidly in response to the card, to say " the signature isn't worth even the small sum

asked." Surely this takes the conceit out of one. However, the little fund for the hospital gradually mounted up, and then had a sudden lift—this is how it happened.

A weekly periodical made the following libellous remarks :

" If you write for his autograph to Mr. Hayden Coffin, the man who sang ' Tommy Atkins ' so beautifully, and looked as much like a British officer as a cat, Mr. Coffin will send you a typewritten circular, telling you that his fee for his autograph is half a guinea. A little girl I know wrote the other day, and that was the reply she got. She has not paid the necessary fee, and she is not going to. Herein she seems to have done wisely. After all, there are things which can be bought too dear."

Such remarks in the Press, even from a " rag," could not be ignored, so an apology was demanded, together with a sum of money to be handed over to a charity to be named.

The apology duly appeared in the offending paper, the damages were paid and handed over to the Kensington Hospital for Children. But the matter did not end there, for another periodical of the same type had a similar statement which appeared just before the case was settled, so equal damages were demanded and obtained, and in consequence of these moneys thus collected and handed over to the hospital I was made a Life Governor.

Autograph hunters will always exist ; there are as many now as ever there were.

These incidents happened when the little hospital was tucked away in an inconspicuous house in Kensington, far too small for its growing requirements. Quite recently it has been uprooted and a site found in North Kensington on which a large up-to-date building has been erected, now named the Princess Louise Kensington Hospital for Children.

So much for autographs!

The Girl behind the Counter was produced by Frank Curzon at Wyndham's Theatre in 1906; this piece was the work of that clever trio, Leedham Bantock, Arthur Anderson, and Howard Talbot, and they provided a very good, rollicking entertainment. A first-rate song was allotted to me, which was deservedly popular, called "The Land where the best man wins," with simple, appealing words and a swinging melody. Here is one of the verses, also the chorus:

"And far away in the dear Homeland
There is always some one yearning,
In humble cot or in mansion grand,
For the wanderer's returning."

Chorus

"For it's work, work, work in the daytime,
And it's dream of Home at night.
And it's pray, pray, pray that at last we may
Find the white, white cliffs in sight.
And it's cheer, cheer, cheer when you near them,
For it's then new life begins,
Put it there, well done!
For you fought and won
In the Land where the best man wins."

That charming actress and vocalist, Isabel Jay (Mrs. Curzon), who had scored a signal success in *The Cingalee*, played the title-rôle in *The Girl behind the Counter*.

Frank Curzon was a well-known figure, not only in theatrical circles, but also in the racing world. His big success in the latter line, however, came too late. The death of his wife early in 1926 was a great shock to him, and he was in poor health when he entered Call Boy for the Derby in 1927. Call Boy won him a big fortune, but Curzon was too ill to enjoy it and the congratulations of his many friends. Those who saw him lead his winner in after the Derby felt his days were numbered. He passed away shortly afterwards.

My first engagement on the variety stage, in 1907, seemed a strange experience. In the decadent days of the halls it would have been considered a great mistake to offer to a music-hall audience music as an art to be taken seriously, but as matters improved, special programs were arranged for special audiences, and on these occasions theatrical and operatic stars might be heard; for instance, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Madame Alice Esty, Marie Tempest, and Mrs. (now Lady) Tree.

I made my debut at the Palace Theatre, Cambridge Circus, in "straight" songs, and as far as I can remember I was the first concert

singer to do this. Madame Albani (Mrs. Gye) followed me with a similar engagement before her retirement. The Palace Theatre was originally intended to be the Royal English Opera House, and was built by D'Oyley Carte, opening in 1891 with Arthur Sullivan's beautiful opera, *Ivanhoe*. This opera ran for 150 nights, almost a record for grand opera; the rôles were such that a double cast was necessary in most cases. Eugène Oudin, who took the part of the Templar in *Ivanhoe*, made an ineffaceable impression on all who heard him by his wonderful voice and ability. His premature death in 1894 was a great blow to the light operatic world.

However, although *Ivanhoe* was such a success, also Messager's *La Basoche*, alas! this English opera enterprise of Carte's failed, as the attempts of others have also failed. One needs only to remember Hammerstein's endeavour over that sumptuous edifice in Kingsway which, at the end of his season, stood empty for some considerable period, and, like the fate of many other beautiful houses, has become a picture theatre.

In 1892, Augustus Harris opened the Royal English Opera House as a music hall, changing the name to the Palace Theatre, hoping it would prove a rival to the Empire; later, Charles Morton took over the management, which further improved matters. Morton did a great deal to bridge the gulf between theatres and

music halls, and his good work was continued by Alfred Butt who, from time to time, secured the services of well-known people, thus bringing the house into the front rank.

This, my first engagement in variety, was to give songs from my repertoire. Many of the papers at the time made a special reference to one of them, "O that we two were maying." The lovely words by Charles Kingsley, found in the "Saint's Tragedy," were set to haunting music by the late Ethelbert Nevin, an American from Boston, U.S.A., famous on the other side of the Atlantic for his fine compositions, but nothing that he had composed was more beautiful than this setting of Kingsley's words.

Much comment was raised in the Press and elsewhere by my attire during this engagement, because I appeared on the stage wearing a dinner jacket and white waistcoat instead of the conventional swallow-tail coat. (One would think that criticism should be more about the artist's ability than about his clothes !)

My manager said that this apparently offended many people, who chose to think that I was

not paying the respect due to a music-hall audience! Some of the newspapers regarded it as a reform, others felt that "costume" should have been worn, whereas I had put on the "offending" dinner jacket, thinking it would be in better taste in a house where smoking was usual in those days, but it is now becoming so general, since ladies are smoking, that I shall not be surprised if erelong a tobacco be put on the market for children, with another to follow for infants.

An old friend of my youth aptly quoted:

> "Smoking is an evil deed,
> And from the Devil doth proceed;
> It wastes the matches, spoils the clothes,
> And makes a chimney of the nose!"

Oddly enough, this trivial incident of the dinner jacket was recalled by the newspapers after my appearance at the Coliseum in 1925. Costume makes copy for the Press, so I am informed by the *Pink 'Un*.

There were many very severe remarks made about me in my early stage career, but this was only to be expected. Beginners have to be told much, and though I did not appreciate it at the time, since then I have been grateful for a great deal that was said of me, especially by Beatty Kingston, Morton of the *Referee*, Howard Paul, Clement Scott, whose place on the *Daily Telegraph*

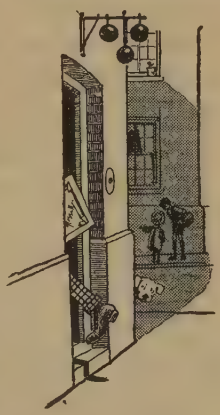
was taken by Malcolm Watson—all now gone over to the great majority. But on the other hand, articles are written by many a " dramatic critic " who does not appear to have studied the art of writing about the stage, nor is it remembered that a criticism should represent what is to be the verdict of the great theatre-going public. Surely, every theatre-goer is a dramatic critic—indeed, the opinions of those in the pit and gallery are especially to be heeded. They come often, are shrewd and intelligent, being the backbone of the patrons of the drama, and to win their approval is the desire and hope of every actor.

I cannot altogether leave the question of dramatic criticism without touching on a point about which I feel strongly. Two celebrated critics, when I came to know them in after years, expressed regret at never having written kindly of me in their articles, and afterwards always spoke favourably of my work. This may be very pleasing to the artist, but it only shows how advisable it is that those on the stage should not be personally acquainted with the critics.

Perhaps some of the most difficult things to alter are mannerisms; they are always the cause of much comment, being found in all those who come to the front. But, after all, it is these so-called " mannerisms " that help to build up the reputation of any who possess them. They

are the making of some of our greatest public favourites.

Call to mind any of these, and at once they are remembered by some mannerism—why? Well, their greatness does not depend on what they have in common with others of their profession, but rather on what they have peculiar to themselves. There must be something distinctive to separate them from their fellow-actors, and the public expect this when they come to the theatre; they watch for the walk, turn of speech, or gesture, those outstanding marks of individuality which remain in the mind; indeed, without them the memory of these favourites would be an even more shadowy thing than it is, for there is no denying, it *is* a shadowy thing.



The painter, the draughtsman, the author, the writer of plays, the composer—these, by nature of their work, leave something tangible to posterity; they may never be seen by the public, but they are not working necessarily for their generation alone; they are producing something which lives in the generations of the future.

But what of the actor or singer? His work is only a memory, for it is his generation alone,

and when he dies, "the rest is silence," except for such instruments as the gramophone, which has been able to produce to a degree—remember, to a degree only—the human voice with varying results. All success then is immediate and depends on personality; he must "get there" during his time on earth. And the "getting there" is more often than not the result of his "mannerisms."

It will, of course, be argued that both these wonderful inventions of recent years, the gramophone and films (silent and sound), have done much to record the art of both actor and singer. Up to a certain point this is true, but it is not so in all cases. As was stated in the Press extract from the *Referee*:

"Vocal records are not so entirely satisfactory. There seems to be necessary some peculiar timbre, and perhaps a certain quality of temperament on the part of the singer, to secure the best results. The most satisfactory voices in the concert room are by no means the surest to record well, and, *per contra*, some inferior voices reproduce brilliantly. Of course, the gramophone is the keenest detector of any technical weakness. Indeed, it seems to take an infinite delight in exaggerating them. Complete breath control is absolutely essential. This is comparatively so rare with singers that it is possibly the chief reason why there is such a general lack of repose in vocal records. The singer's artistic impulses so often seem to be consumed in anxiety to do his or her very best, and not make a slip. I have never yet heard the record of a lullaby that would send a baby to sleep."

It is a well-known fact that few singers of temperament can make a good record on the gramophone; owing to the delicate mechanism of the instrument, the voice must be kept within a limited range of volume. If too much stress is displayed the diaphragm shrieks. If very soft work is done, the scraping of the needle is predominant, so that the singer cannot give the expression he feels, and it is this very outlet that is denied to him, which is the essence of himself. In short, the artist who sings into the gramophone has to be mechanical rather than natural. Of course, the day will come when a machine is invented which will convey temperament as well as voice.

After my first engagement on the halls, I appeared in *Tom Jones*, Edward German's masterpiece of light opera.

Special interest was attached to the production of the piece at this particular time, as it coincided (within a few days) with the bicentenary of the author, Henry Fielding, who was born on 22nd April 1707. *Many great men* have been born on this date. One hundred and fifty-five years after, on 22nd April, the writer of this book first opened his vocal organs!

Tom Jones, the "Father of the English Novel," was a difficult book to dramatise, but Thompson and Courtneidge handled it so ably that it was passed by the Censor without a hitch.

It is unnecessary to sing the praises of Edward German, his works are so popular and well known. In *Tom Jones*, solos, concerted pieces, and country dances are of high merit, and in addition, there is a continuity about this music which gives the effect of real opera. The outstanding number still sung by many leading sopranos is the waltz song, brilliantly rendered in the original production by Ruth Vincent as Sophia.

From *Tom Jones* I turned again to variety.

Beginning in the early autumn of 1907, I went on a five months' tour (my first in variety *out* of London), singing songs on the halls under the management of Messrs. Moss and Stoll. The songs were given with full orchestra and "effects," my old friend Frank Mummery at the piano on the stage. I might here mention that "high" English pitch was generally used in those days in music halls, owing to the fact that "high" pitch was used by military bands from which many music-hall orchestras drew their players of brass and wind instruments. Since then, as so many concert artistes demanding a lower pitch have been engaged on the halls, the pitch used generally is the "normal," not quite as low as "continental."

There is nothing particularly interesting to record about this tour except the following episodes, in two of which I did not come

To Adelaide &
Charlie,
Arthur Playfair

out with flying colours. They happened in Edinburgh.

While we were there I was given a letter of introduction from my old friend Arthur Playfair to one of his cousins, from whom my wife and myself had a cordial invitation to lunch. Playfair had been a great friend of ours for many years; I had acted as best man on the occasion of his marriage with Lena Ashwell. It will be recalled that he made a great sensation in *The Man from Blankley's,* and later, at the London Pavilion in *The Passing Show.*

His relations, with whom I lunched, were brother and sister, living in a charming house in Edinburgh. This was many years ago, and it is pleasant to record that public opinion regarding the theatrical profession has changed, but it was natural then to wonder in what light these good Scotch folk would regard one who was singing at a "music hall." How would they receive me? I felt especially diffident, as this was my first appearance in Edinburgh in variety.

However, though nervous, I had to make the best of things, and matters were not improved,

as my wife was indisposed and could not come. We sat down to luncheon, and after a few commonplaces, lapsed into silence. I felt that things were becoming desperate—conversation flagged—there must be some topic interesting to all at the table. A rush of disconnected words came into my mind—golf, curling, whisky, and many other subjects ; somehow golf seemed the safest topic.

My host was not very communicative on this subject, however, and certainly his manner did not convey the idea that he took much interest in the game, but though I was no golfer and knew very little about it, I had the temerity to air my views. He and his sister punctuated with polite rejoinders all the balderdash I uttered, and by the time the meal had come to an end, I was quite pleased with the way I had acquitted myself, and felt that at any rate my powers of conversation were not gone.

After lunch, my host excused himself owing to pressure of business (I expect he had had enough of me), and his sister took me upstairs into the drawing-room for coffee, so it was necessary to find a new topic. Seeing rows and rows of silver cups and medals displayed in a cabinet, I ventured to ask who had won them. The lady replied, "They are my brother's. You see," she added, "he was for years Golf Champion of the World." Tableau !

The only thing to do was to make the profoundest apologies to this gentle hostess, who, in the kindest possible manner, laughed away my shame and confusion and tried to put me at ease.

That lady and her brother were true gentlefolk —such grace and breeding are beautiful to encounter—and though I would gladly forget my folly, their courtesy and tact take a prominent place in my storehouse of memories.

And I shall not forget the other Edinburgh episode in a hurry, for on the first night of my appearance at the music hall during the "first house," I was hissed off the stage while singing, "Oh that we two were maying"—that lovely song to which I have already referred. Evidently the type of song did not appeal to the audience, for when at the second house I sang something with a good swing in it, applause was not lacking. Next morning, the Press made apology for the "misbehaviour" of the gallery.

Later on in the tour, in another theatre, the piano was being wheeled on to the stage in a great hurry between the turns, when one of the legs somehow got caught in the flooring, which was uneven, and it was broken off; the only thing to do was to fix it temporarily as quickly as possible, but during the turn which followed, the feelings of pianist, singer, and all immediately concerned, can be better imagined than described.

Since those days, such accidents have been avoided, for it is now the custom in most houses of variety to stand the grand piano on a contrivance connecting the legs together—a sort of tripod.

Then there was another evening on which the piano again suffered disaster, for suddenly, when the pianist was in his place and I was just about to begin, it was seen that the pedal rods and fastenings had fallen off. The stage carpenter was hastily summoned, and lying on his back, under the piano, in full view of the audience, he proceeded to fix the pedals. As may be supposed, this caused great mirth in the audience, which became hilarious when a voice from the gallery called out, "Be ye milkin' 'er?"

I once went down into the country to sing at a special matinée given at the local theatre. The manager was very pleasant and said how glad he was to have me appear there at last, explaining that when once before he had tried to book me for pantomime through an agent, at the eleventh hour he received a wire: "Impossible to get Hayden Coffin so have engaged Lockhart's elephants."

CHAPTER VIII

"BUTTERFLIES," 1908—REVIVAL OF "DOROTHY"—"THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE," 1909—FROHMAN'S CONTRACT—"SYDNEY CARTON"—SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR, 1910

AT the end of this variety tour I was not sorry to come back to London and begin rehearsals for *Butterflies*, a musical play adapted by the late W. J. Locke, the popular novelist, from what he described as his fantastic comedy, *The Palace of Puck*, which had been produced at the Haymarket in the previous year. J. A. Robertson was responsible for the very melodious music. *Butterflies* was produced at the Apollo Theatre in the spring of 1908, after a preliminary run in the provinces.

There was a little French song about a lost dog, "Où est Koko?" which I had heard as a boy in a *café chantant* in Paris; it took my fancy tremendously and stuck in my mind. There seemed a very good situation in *Butterflies* into which it fitted, and after humming it over to Robertson, he was agreeable for me to use the melody with the words on the theme, "Alas,

how easily things go wrong." So I sang it, thrumming out an accompaniment on a beautiful old bandoure I possessed—the same one that I used when playing Robin Hood in *Maid Marian*.

Ada Reeve made an outstanding success in *Butterflies*, the part suiting her down to the ground, and her songs were of that piquant style in which she has always excelled. It was pleasant to be again associated with Louis Bradfield, whom I had known for many years, and first met in *A Gaiety Girl*; he frequently took rôles on tour which I had played in town in many musical comedies under Edwardes' management. He was very clever as a light comedian, and most popular both with his fellow-artists and the public.

When the run of this piece came to an end, Moss and Stoll engaged me for a tour of *Dorothy*. The piece had, of course, ever since its original production in town, been on tour at different times, but I had never played in it outside London; for this tour, I was asked to select the company. The first thing was to look for the original Lurcher, Arthur Williams, who luckily was free to take his old part. When the question of salary was raised, Williams revealed the fact that his pay was always a fixed sum of £5 a week, no matter what he played in. I was also very lucky in securing John Coates for the part of Geoffrey Wilder, the Squire's son,

originally played by Redfern Hollins at the old Gaiety, and later by Ben Davies, at the Prince of Wales's during its first production in London. Coates was originally a baritone, and in other companies had taken some of the parts that I had played with Edwardes, but later, after studying abroad, he became a tenor, and has won for himself a great and deserved reputation in opera and on platform. Oddly enough, we now played together for the first time on any stage.

The piece ran successfully for several months, and at the end of the tour another management took over the scenery, and opened in London for the Christmas season with a slightly altered cast.

This beautiful old comedy opera had a great reception on the first night of its revival at the New Theatre, and Cunningham Bridgman, who had written poetic addresses in the old days on the subject, was now moved to write again, of which the following are a few of the lines :

"After a silent interval of rest,
Sweet Dorothy, the brightest and the best
Of lyric maidens that our stage has known,
Comes back to claim the hearts she made her own.
Just one-and-twenty years have passed away
Since first o'er London Dorothy held sway—
Perchance some English maiden here to-night,
Nam'd hap'ly after our fair favourite,
Whose song her mother humm'd by cradle side,
May feel within her heart the glow of pride
That she was christen'd Dorothy."

It is certainly true to say that " Dorothy " was a very popular name during its first run. George Edwardes himself had his small daughter, born about the time of its production, christened Dorothy.

The revival in London should have enjoyed a longer run, but many of the cast were booked for future engagements. Unfortunately, too, *Dorothy* could not be kept at the New Theatre, so was transferred to the Waldorf (now The Strand) at the beginning of the new year. Here, too, its run was short, for it had to be withdrawn a month later for want of finance.

The end was tragic and unexpected. On the last Saturday there had been a big audience in the afternoon, and queues were drawn up, waiting for the evening performance, for *Dorothy* had been playing to packed houses. However, at the opening time, the theatre was seen to be in darkness, and an official announcement was made to the effect that the performance could not take place, as " the electric light had failed," and some time would elapse before it could be put right. The fact of the matter was that the members of the orchestra had not received their salaries.

When the unfortunate members of the company arrived and understood what had happened, all they could do was to light the candles, which were stage property for the second act of

Dorothy, and grope their way in semi-darkness to collect their belongings from the dressing-rooms. They, too, had not received any salary, a condition of affairs rather hard to be borne, so I went over to the Gaiety Theatre and interviewed the business manager (to whom I was known), who was most kind and obliging, and lent me sufficient cash to pay off the company. Personally, I was a heavy loser.

This condition of darkness, relieved only by candlelight, reminded one of the old opera days when the dressing-rooms were lighted by candles only. The " star " lady was allowed a separate dressing-room, six wax candles, and a sofa, while the second lady had two candles and no sofa in her room. This arrangement also applied to the men. Madame Vestris caused much comment by supplying herself with two extra candles. A very different condition exists in theatres and music halls to-day. When I have been working at some of the older houses, the electrician has often been most kind in altering the lighting arrangements in my dressing-room if required.

The only occasion on which I have suffered from being engaged by a bogus management was some years later, when I was booked to play the Examiner in *Outward Bound* for a tour. I was only given the part a few days before the tour started, so the time for study was very

short; in addition to this, I had only one rehearsal with the company, so on my first night, it was not to be wondered at that I "fluffed" a little in a few words. As the management was in financial trouble, they made this the excuse to break my contract, but, though they would not let me play again, they still continued to use my name in their advertisements outside the theatre. To break a contract on the plea that I forgot some words was utterly ridiculous, as even those who have had many rehearsals and plenty of time for study may forget words.

Naturally, I sued for salary, but by the time the case came on this company had gone into liquidation, and though the verdict was in my favour, no cash was forthcoming.

Not long after the collapse of the *Dorothy* production, I was at the Hicks (Globe) Theatre in *The Dashing Little Duke*, which had been adapted by Seymour Hicks from *A Court Scandal*, a play in which he had appeared at the Court Theatre some ten years previously. *A Court Scandal* itself was an adaptation from a French play, *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*, by MM. Bayard and Dumanoir. In spite of these two adaptations, Hicks kept closely to the original, with the result that he wrote an excellent book. He was most fortunate in securing the help of Frank Tours for the music, and Adrian Ross for the lyrics, and in addition to these clever

collaborators he managed to secure my old friend, Percy Anderson, for the costume designs, and very picturesque they were.

Frank Tours is the son of Berthold Tours, a name familiar to all who are acquainted with church music. Among his many activities, Berthold Tours was for many years editor and adviser to Messrs. Novello, the music publishers; he was the composer also of many well-known songs, such as "Stars of the Summer Night," sung by Sims Reeves, "The New Kingdom," "The Three Singers," and others. He has handed on his musical gifts to his son. For seven years Frank Tours worked for George Edwardes, writing additional numbers for musical comedies—indeed, he was labelled by Edwardes as "Mr. Additional Numbers." He collaborated with Paul Rubens over *The Dairy Maids*, but was solely responsible for the music of *The Dashing Little Duke*.

If Frank Tours had written nothing else, I think his name would be handed down to posterity for having composed that beautiful song, "Mother o' Mine," to Kipling's popular words. I had the privilege of being the first to sing it at one of my recitals at the Steinway Hall in 1903.

The Dashing Little Duke was first put on at Nottingham for a week, and, when it came to London, opened at the theatre then known as

"The Hicks," Ellaline Terriss scoring a great triumph in the title-rôle. She played only once each day, so when there were matinées Seymour Hicks took her part at the second performance. They were both most successful in the part, though each played in a way entirely different from the other, and I doubt if any one in the theatre could appreciate the difference between these two performances better than I did, for I had to fence with, and be overcome by, "the Duke." It was all very well to be overcome by such a "dashing *little* Duke" as the dear little dainty Ellaline Terriss, but it was quite a different thing to be literally dashed *at* by such a dashing Duke as the dashing, hefty Hicks! oh, "dash it all!!" as I often had occasion to exclaim when he was taking the part.

This musical play was very popular and seemed likely to settle down for a long run, and it was most unfortunate that, owing to disagreement, Charles Frohman, who had a control in the running of the piece, took it off and withdrew Hicks's name from the theatre, rechristening it The Globe. Such an action showed the autocratic nature of this clever and capable manager, who, in partnership with his brother Dan, was well known both in America and England. He first came over to London from the States in the 'seventies, as business manager of a minstrel troupe, which, I think, was Haverley's; I saw

them at Her Majesty's Theatre before it was pulled down to build the Carlton Hotel and what is now *His* Majesty's Theatre. From that position Frohman gradually went ahead until, in 1893, he was head of the Empire Theatre in New York. Four years later he acquired the Duke of York's Theatre in London, and there presented many plays by leading British dramatists.

Frohman was among those who, alas! lost their lives in the tragic sinking of the *Lusitania*, on the 7th May 1915. His death was a terrible blow to the theatre-going public and the profession on both sides of the Atlantic.

Capable and efficient in everything he handled, he demanded a similar efficiency from those working with him. An amusing incident took place once at the Globe Theatre. There was a private lift put in for use between the box-office and the manager's private room, but so narrow was it that it would only hold one person at a time. On one occasion, when Frohman was particularly in request on some business matter, he could not be found anywhere, though it was known that he had not left the building.

After a fruitless search, to the horror of all concerned it transpired that he was in the lift, and the lift had *stuck half-way*! William Lestocq, his representative, and the others on the staff

could do nothing but wait for the lift to be put into working order.

But how would Frohman treat the matter? It was beyond a joke that a busy man should be imprisoned in a lift. They naturally expected him to be furious, so that it was with mingled feelings when at last, the lift set free, they watched it descend.

However, when Frohman stepped out of his narrow prison, he merely remarked, "Well, that's the most peaceful twenty-five minutes I've had for years."

In consequence of the sudden withdrawal of *The Dashing Little Duke* at the end of May, as my contract had not expired, the management, rather than pay me to walk about and do nothing, filled up the time with engagements for me on the halls.

Mention of that fine old theatre, Her Majesty's, brings back to my mind how, just before it was demolished, I went there to a big mass meeting which Moody and Sankey were holding. Everything behind the footlights had been already stripped in preparation for the pulling down of the building. Being quite a youngster, I was greatly impressed by Moody's methods of conducting the service. Just when he was about to offer prayer, some one got up to go out. Moody stopped short. "My friends," said he, "I see that one of our number is going; we will

wait until there is perfect silence." I was glad at the moment I was not the departing one!

During the summer I appeared in "Vordeville," as they say in the States, in a short play by Soane-Roby, taken from Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*. It was entitled *Sydney Carton's Sacrifice*. I suggested another title, *All for Her*, but an old friend who was on the staff of the *Referee* pointed out that this was the name given to the drama by Palgrave Simpson and Herman Merivale, and was associated with that excellent actor, the late John Clayton, who had made such a name in the leading part. So in the end, Soane-Roby's little play was called *Sydney Carton*.

It proved very popular, touring the suburbs and provinces until the end of the year. During this time I blossomed forth as a dramatic writer—probably the only one to remember such an achievement, for the farcical duologue entitled *The Clock Doctor*, under the thinly veiled pseudonym of "Harden Casket," ran for a single week at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, Farren Soutar and Sam Walsh playing the two parts.

While this tour of *Sydney Carton* was doing a round of the halls in London, when at the Metropolitan in Edgware Road my name had to "top" and "bottom" the bill, the reason for this being that, as there was no vocal work in

Sydney Carton, the engagement was jeopardised because the manager felt that the public knew Hayden Coffin only as a singer. So, to meet the difficulty, he suggested that Carton should sing on his way to the guillotine! (presumably a hymn or anthem).

This very practical suggestion did not seem exactly in keeping with the original conception of Dickens's hero, to say nothing of the adapter's feelings and mine, so the only other way out of the difficulty was for me to "top" the bill in evening dress, with songs from my repertoire, and "bottom" it with *Sydney Carton*. This idea was carried out, but as there were two houses, and the little play therefore given twice nightly, the evenings were very strenuous; so, to simplify matters, the "top" and "bottom" items were reversed in the second house. In this way it was only necessary to set the scene once, and I did not need to change into evening clothes and appear as a vocalist until the playlet was over for the second house.

Early in January 1910, I was on my way from Southampton to fulfil an engagement in South Africa, to appear under Frank Wheeler's management, at his theatre, His Majesty's, in Johannesburg.

Early in the morning of 25th January, punctually to scheduled time, 5 a.m., the s.s. *Saxon* arrived at Cape Town, and what a marvellous

sight was the vista of Table Mountain, towering some 3000 feet or more above the Bay. There was a mass of white cloud rolling over the edge—the wonderful "tablecloth" that has so often been described, but the traveller does not always have the good fortune to see it. On this particular occasion, however, to all appearances, the white mass had settled itself ready for the arrival of our incoming vessel. But there was no time to linger in admiration of the view and blue sky of South Africa, for there were rehearsals to attend without delay, as I learnt that the first concert was to be given that evening in the Town Hall.

The tour of these concerts that followed, from Cape Town to Johannesburg, covering about 3000 miles, was full of interest, especially the journey from Cape Town to Kimberley in that gradual zig-zag climb of the Hex River Mountain to the famous plateau, "The Karroo." Kimberley is a wonderful place—not beautiful, but unique in being the centre of the diamond supply.

The story of the finding of diamonds in South Africa is a wonderful romance. How the very first one came to be discovered is too well known to bear repetition here; enough to make mention of the discovery of one mine only. A trooper was camping on the border between Griqualand and the Orange Free State, and one morning when he awoke, rolling over in his blanket, he

tried to pull himself up by grasping a small veldt shrub. These shrubs, however, have no depth of root in that sandy soil, and the man found that, instead of helping himself up, he had pulled up

the shrub by its root, and there, underneath, his astonished gaze fell upon diamonds !

Such was the finding of the great Wesselton mine, near Kimberley.

Of course we had to pay a visit to the famous

de Beers mines, also to the Vaal River to see the work of the diamond washings.

At that time, in South Africa, corrugated iron roofing was used a great deal in many of the towns, so much so, that the nickname "Tinfontein" was used; and, if memory recalls aright, at the Concert Hall at Kimberley the stage was really a built-out annexe roofed in this way. On the night of the single concert held there, one of the periodic torrential rainstorms occurred, which made such a noise on this roof that the audience could hear nothing.

The difficulty had to be overcome somehow, for the concert could not be postponed, as we had to continue our tour northward early next morning. The curtain had to be dropped, thus shutting off the annexe (stage), and the piano brought into the hall itself, and in this way the concert proceeded.

From Kimberley we went on to Bloemfontein, after which, Pietermaritzburg, Durban, and lastly Pretoria were visited before opening in "Jo'burg" with *Dorothy* and *The Geisha*.

One could not help being struck with the Dutch appearance of Pretoria, which, only a few years before, had been the stronghold of President Krüger, that proud old man who would never recognise defeat.

His one-storied whitewashed home was still there, and one pictured in mind the old man

sitting smoking on the stoep, which was flanked with rough white lions.

Speaking of Krüger reminds me of the violinist, Edouard Remenyi, who was brought out to South Africa by Frank Wheeler. Remenyi made a great impression on the public by his marvellous playing. Krüger did not go to the concert, so the violinist made a point of visiting him and playing to him. He gave one of his most finished performances, at the end of which Krüger drily remarked, "Very good! can't you do any conjuring tricks?"

But the years had brought great changes, which culminated, in 1910, in the Union of South Africa being an accomplished fact, and the populace were at that time looking forward keenly to a visit from the Duke of Connaught to open the first Union Parliament.

The visit to Pretoria brought the concert tour to an end, after which the theatrical side of the engagement began. *Dorothy* was put on at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, and played to crowded and most appreciative houses. Long runs were not usual then in South Africa, a change of programme every fortnight being the custom. The prices of seats at the theatres were high; there was no pit, and the gallery was 2s. 6d. No, alas! they had not been raised on account of such a star as myself, so no need for me to feel flattered—they were just the ordinary

prices. But most things in South Africa were dear; even a daily paper cost a "tickie"—a threepenny piece—which was the smallest coin used. South Africans did not trouble with coppers, so on trams with 1½d. fare a ticket for another journey was given in change.

Of course, the great pride of Johannesburg lies in its gold mines, and one was struck dumb with the marvel of what human brain and energy could perform in the turning out, year after year, of millions of pounds of gold.

The people were extraordinarily kind and hospitable, and there were many diversions in the way of sport and amusement. Johannesburg, even at this date, could boast of a couple of theatres, two or three music halls, an electric theatre, and roller-skating rink.

The air is like champagne in its exhilarating qualities, the only drawback, as far as the singer is concerned, being the altitude, for Johannesburg lies some 6000 feet above sea-level and the atmosphere is very rare, consequently breathing is difficult until one becomes "acclimated." Not only singers, but also athletes who visit the place are often affected for a week or two. I was fortunate in escaping the red dust which at times is so bad that shopkeepers are obliged to cover their shop fronts, putting up a notice, "Business as usual—goods covered owing to dust," or words to that effect.

After *Dorothy*, *The Geisha* was put on, and this was such a success that we had to extend the engagement.

During the stay in Johannesburg many trips were taken. On the outgoing steamer I had the good fortune to be introduced to the head of a leading motor firm. He was taking out two cars to South Africa for Exhibition purposes, and was very kind in giving his friends many runs across the veldt. Being a clever amateur photographer, he liked to take snapshots on these little trips, particularly of incidents such as the car being stuck in the sand and having to be dragged out by bullocks. These photographs were sent home to the Press, and made excellent advertisement.

The worst of these "car-sticking" incidents happened a few hours before the first performance of *The Geisha* in Johannesburg. The kindly motorist had taken my wife and me to see something of the surrounding country—and very interesting was the drive over the veldt, in spite of the fact that the car frequently stuck fast in the sand and refused to move. For a time, this was an amusing experience, but it got beyond a joke when no efforts could extricate the car, which was still many miles from the city, and though the car might stand still, the hands of the clock did not, and after a long time of coaxing and persuading the stubborn "bus," it

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STUCK IN THE VELDT

seemed impossible for us to get to the theatre in time for the rise of the curtain. There we were, stuck fast in the sand, in a deep and wide stream of water. So we took off our boots and stockings, carried our lady passengers across the stream, and then went back to the car, by this

time having given up all hope of getting back for the performance. However, as if by a miracle, with the aid of oxen, she did at last move, and the journey home was accomplished at breakneck speed, the theatre being reached just in time, but with not a moment to spare.

I had the good luck to be taken to see a native

war-dance one day, and took some photographs which may interest those who have seen these wonderful gatherings, where the natives make the ground shake with the pounding of their feet, while at the same time they flourish their weapons, making the air ring with their war-cries.

The only matter of regret about the whole tour was that the time was all too short in which to do and see all that one would have liked. As soon as *The Geisha* came to an end, I had to return to Cape Town, and thence homeward to fulfil an engagement.

Many happy impressions have remained of those months in South Africa, chiefly those of sunny skies and warm-heartedness and hospitality found everywhere.

A special word of thanks is due to Frank Wheeler for his kindness and consideration, which helped to make this tour pass very pleasantly. What a strange career Wheeler had. He was of American birth, and from his early childhood appeared before the footlights, forming, with his father and mother, a little company of three who gave variety entertainments in the States. Wheeler, as a small boy, possessed a wonderful voice which drew large audiences, and earned for him the title of the "Infant Prodigy."

During a tour in New Zealand, they arrived

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SOUTH AFRICA, 1910

at a certain theatre to fulfil an engagement just at the moment when the previous company, numbering about thirty artistes, were leaving with bag and baggage. Their arrival was made known to the manager of the theatre who was standing under the porch, rain falling heavily at the time. "But where *is* the incoming company?" he asked, naturally expecting to see about as many as were in the outgoing. "Yonder, under that umbrella," was the reply, and there stood the entire Wheeler Company, three in number, huddled together under one umbrella!

CHAPTER IX

"TWO MERRY MONARCHS," 1910—THIRD ENGAGEMENT WITH GEORGE EDWARDES ("THE QUAKER GIRL"), 1910-12—"TWELFTH NIGHT," 1912—"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" (WITH TREE), 1913—"NOBBY, V.C.," 1913—"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" (MY FIRST TIME), 1913—"BRER RABBIT"—"THE BEST MAN"—"STOP, THIEF!"—"ALICE" (AGAIN)

SOON after my return from South Africa, I was given a part in *Two Merry Monarchs*, a piece which had been running at the Savoy, but, having met with indifferent success, was now being tried at the Strand Theatre. Neighbouring theatres, namely, The Lyceum and The Aldwych, were producing popular pieces at popular prices, so it was thought advisable to make a similar experiment at The Strand; this theatre was at the time in the hands of a syndicate of Welsh capitalists, and they started to run musical plays there at suburban prices—5s. stalls, down to 6d. gallery. Hence the revival of *Two Merry Monarchs*. Most of the cast had taken part in the run at the Savoy, but there were one or two changes.

Unfortunately, the piece had to be taken off at the end of four weeks; it should have had a much longer run, but it was during this period that King Edward VII. passed away, so, of course, the theatre closed for a week. Of all professions, probably the theatrical suffers most from a Royal bereavement; if a play is wavering, a national bereavement is its doom. And this was the case with *Two Merry Monarchs*. However, it went into the provinces in the late summer, and I had a two months' tour with it, returning to London for *The Quaker Girl*.

That indefatigable man, George Edwardes, had taken over the management of the Adelphi Theatre. This house was the old home of melodrama in which that great favourite, William Terriss, popularly known as "Breezy Bill," played until his lamented death in 1897.

Edwardes altered the construction of the old house in a wonderful way; he had the entrances rebuilt and made more convenient, the whole interior redecorated and brightened up, and the seating entirely rearranged on the lines of the New Gaiety Theatre. And to this most luxurious of houses he brought one of the best comedy operas he ever produced, namely, *The Quaker Girl*, on 5th November 1910.

With such old and experienced hands as J. T. Tanner, Adrian Ross, and Percy Greenbank as collaborators, music by Lionel Monckton, and

with such a producer, it is not to be wondered at that *The Quaker Girl* made a great hit on its opening night, and proved an immensely popular musical play. Indeed, there must have been some prophetic instinct at work, for all seats had been booked for the coming month before the curtain went up on the first night. And the instinct was not at fault, for *The Quaker Girl* ran for 536 performances, only to be withdrawn in March 1912.

Gertie Millar had met with great success in other productions of Edwardes', but she will always be best remembered in the title-rôle of *The Quaker Girl*; she was a very clever comedienne, and the part suited her to perfection. Notwithstanding the long run and popularity of *The Quaker Girl*, to the best of my recollection there was no outstanding number, as was found in nearly all of Edwardes' other productions.

The end of *The Quaker Girl* finished my long association with Edwardes, which began with *Dorothy*, extending over a broken period of twenty-seven years.

At the outbreak of the Great War, Edwardes was in Austria, negotiating over further light operas, and for some time, unfortunately, he could not return. His detention abroad so undermined his physique that, when at last he was allowed to return to England, he passed away in the autumn of 1915.

It may not be out of place here to insert a pleasing tribute to George Edwardes by Clement Scott, who wrote thus of him in the late 'nineties:

"It may be interesting to trace, however briefly . . . that exquisite form of comic opera which has attained such perfection nowadays under the delightful influence of George Edwardes and others, such picturesque and artistic entertainments, for instance, as *The Geisha* and *The Greek Slave*, with their well-ordered, cleverly written books and songs and dainty, captivating music."

Soon after the withdrawal of *The Quaker Girl*, I went on tour with a musical play, *The Boy Scout*, the joint work of Arthur Branscombe (better known as the author of *Morocco Bound*) and George Fearnley.

The Boy Scout was produced on 20th May at Birmingham, and toured the big provincial towns for six weeks.

In October of the same year, I appeared at the Palladium and Chelsea Palace in an operetta called *Spring Tide*, by my old friend Frank Lambert. This was a dainty pastoral one-act playlet, almost too pastoral for the halls, though it was very well received.

These small engagements, with no run of any length, were neither lucrative nor to one's liking, so I made up my mind to go and see Granville Barker on the off-chance of his giving me a part in his Shakespearian production of *Twelfth Night* which was shortly coming on; though a

musical comedy man, I thought I would like to try my hand at " the legit."

Whatever Granville Barker may have thought, he hid his feelings and said there was nothing to offer, but he gave me the managerial promise to write if anything should turn up.

The next day, strange to say, the unexpected happened. That fine artist, H. O. Nicholson, who was cast for Feste, told me that he did not care to tackle the songs, so was given the part of Fabian, and much to my satisfaction, joy, and surprise, I was asked to play the Jester. It included those exquisite songs by Dr. Arne. That beautiful number, " Come away, Death," was accompanied by a quintet on the stage. The musicians, dressed in black cloaks and cowls, had old stringed instruments—first and second violins, viola, viol di gamba, and 'cello—and had to play from memory (most unusual for members of an orchestra), following the voice, without a conductor. W. H. Squire, the 'cellist, an old friend of mine, as a special favour orchestrated this song by Arne for the instruments named. Squire has now for some years been recognised as the greatest of our English 'cellists; he is also the composer of many charming and successful ballads.

Arne's other songs necessitated the playing of a Morris pipe (one which Cecil Sharp had given me years before) and tabor, and I had to accom-

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK]

SELF, AS FESTE
(*Twelfth Night*)

pany myself on the virginal. The playing of these instruments took some mastering, as they had not been called for in the parts I had hitherto taken in musical plays.

Granville Barker[1] has made a great name for himself by means of productions of this order. Through his masterly handling of the piece, it ran for over five months—an unusual record for Shakespeare in the West End—finishing on 15th March 1913.

Fresh from the part of Feste, I was due to play in the *School for Scandal* at His Majesty's Theatre, where I was vividly reminded of the beautiful work done by Courtice Pounds as the clown when Tree put on *Twelfth Night*, himself as Malvolio. He was now reviving Sheridan's old comedy with a very strong cast. This was my first appearance with Tree. As Careless, I had the tuneful and popular toast-song, "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen," that beautiful old English classic which will never die. At the dress rehearsal, being very nervous and perhaps "Careless" in more than one sense of the word, during the carousing scene I broke a tumbler. When, later, I made apologies to Tree, he remarked, "Oh, my dear boy, it dothen't matter in the thlightest—in fact, it makthe good bithness; do it every night." And so, every night

[1] Those interested in a National Theatre should read his book on the subject.

of that six weeks' run, I did my best, but without smashing a glass.

During the summer I was interesting myself in the production of a musical sketch called *Nobby, V.C.*, written and composed by Daisy McGeoch.

It was put on in the autumn at the Oxford Music Hall; this house was like the old Tivoli, one of the standard halls, now, alas! both gone. The Tivoli has become a fine cinema, while the Oxford has been entirely rebuilt, and is now one of Lyons' most sumptuous "Corner Houses."

I met the composer through the fact that she was one of my wife's pupils. One day when Miss McGeoch came for her singing lesson, she brought the MS. of a song, one of her many compositions. "I am rather in a difficulty about this song," she said; "an offer has been made that I should sell it outright for a few pounds. Do you think your husband would try it over and give me his advice?" This I did, and urged the young composer not to accept the offer, but, instead, to take a royalty and retain the rights. She did so, with good results.

The song was "Two Eyes of Grey."

Naturally, Miss McGeoch was delighted, and as an expression of her gratitude in return for this advice, wrote the sketch, *Nobby, V.C.*, especially for me.

Barter Johns, my old friend of Daly days, was conductor of the sketch during its run.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Corbett*

MRS. HAYDEN COFFIN

After three weeks at the Oxford, *Nobby, V.C.*, toured the provinces successfully for some months, but with the approach of Christmas, I had to be back in town for *Alice in Wonderland*, which was put on at the Comedy Theatre, and there I made my first appearance as the Mad Hatter. The version used was the one adapted from Lewis Carroll's famous book by Savile Clarke, with the charming music composed by Walter Slaughter. Oddly enough, this same version had originally been produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre for matinées some twenty-seven years before, while I was performing nightly there in *Dorothy*. For this Comedy Theatre production, little Cora Goffin had been secured for the name part, having already achieved success as a child-actress.

The part of the Mad Hatter was offered me by the producer, who, by the way, had played with me in *Dorothy* when it was first produced at the Gaiety. At first I said "No." The part did not appeal to me; that sort of eccentric comedy I felt to be out of my line; indeed, at the time, it seemed odd that such a part should be offered to one who had hitherto played heroic lovers.

Such are the mistakes that people often make in not accepting parts outside what they fancy as being their special line. However, the manager of the company was importunate, and would not take "No" for an answer. There

was method, too, in his madness, owing to the similarity of "Goffin" and "Coffin." Gradually, by dint of persuasion, my prejudices were broken down, and I accepted the engagement—a good thing, too, for I have appeared in many revivals of *Alice*.

At this production, the Queen of Hearts was played by Annie Hughes.

At the later revivals, other little girls played Alice, Cora Goffin having outgrown the part, but no one ever equalled her; she might have stepped straight out of the book. So excellent was her performance that we gave excerpts from our scenes together at many charity entertainments.

After a very successful run of this first revival at the Comedy, *Alice* went on tour till the late spring, but, alas! the finishing weeks were not as lucrative as all of us could have wished, for when we were coming back to town, our manager found himself unable to pay the fares of the company, so borrowed from my salary, which he promptly returned at the earliest opportunity. Perhaps it was a mistake to expect a children's piece to run in the provinces, once the holidays were over.

Very soon I was in another character part, that of a mulatto, Mr. Kildee, in the stage version of *Uncle Remus*, that wonderful story of American folklore. The late Mrs. Percy Dearmer was

responsible for the adaptation and production known as *Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox*, Martin Shaw composing the music.

Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox ran for a series of matinées during the Easter holidays at the Little Theatre, Adelphi. This theatre was the conversion of a house where I often used to dine; it was occupied by a member of Coutts' Bank, backing on the old premises, known as "49 Strand," before that famous banking firm moved to the other side of the road to facilitate the widening of the thoroughfare, and if the Charing Cross bridge be built they may have to move again.

The plantation dances in *Brer Rabbit* were arranged by Cecil Sharp, to whom the musical world owes a great deal for all that he did towards the revival of English folk-songs. Sharp and I had a long friendship, beginning from our boyhood, when we both lived in the same square in South Kensington. After he left Cambridge (Clare College) he went out to Melbourne, where he became a Professor of Music at the University, and was away from England for some years. I owe him a debt of gratitude, for, in our youth, he introduced to me many songs which took a very prominent place among those I sang at the beginning of my career. One of them was: "'Tis Jolly to Hunt," from Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, words by Chorley, and another was

the very one that brought down François Cellier's wrath upon my head when I sang to him at my first audition. I refer to Dr. Elliott's "Hybrias the Cretan," words from the Greek, translated by Thomas Campbell.

They are here inserted by the courtesy of the publishers, Edwin Ashdown Ltd.

"My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untann'd,
Which on my arm I buckle:
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword.
Oh! I bring those heartless, hapless drones
Down in a trice on their marrow bones
To call me King and Lord."

As soon as Sharp tried it, he was so struck with its unusual merits that he wasted no time in bringing along the song, which we ran through together. It was powerful and dramatic, giving the voice plenty of scope and opportunity. I was delighted with this "find," and sang it a great deal, attributing much of my early success on concert platform to this composition. I was very pleased when the opportunity came for me to make the acquaintance of the composer, who was good enough to accept an invitation to

come up for a "dish of tea" and run through "Hybrias" and other compositions of his, and I asked him then if he would be willing to play the accompaniment of "Hybrias" for me at concerts.

The following was his reply. I have always felt it an honour to have this autograph letter from the composer of that fine song.

"160 Belsize Road, N.W.,
13th May 1897.

"Dear Mr. Hayden Coffin,—I felt much gratified by your wish that I should accompany you in public, and I sincerely lament that it is not in my power to do so. And now I am (most reluctantly) obliged to ask you *not* to send me tickets for your concert. When I dashed off my hurried letter to Mrs. Hayden Coffin this morning, I quite forgot an important engagement for that day which cannot be set aside. Some time ago I revised the *accompaniment* of "Hybrias," and this very morning Mr. Ashdown put a copy into my hands. I would suggest that for the future you should *insist* upon your accompanist using it. He (Ashdown) tells me that the song was first published in Jan. 1855.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

"T. W. Elliott."

In July 1914 I went off on a holiday and was still away, down at the point of Poole Harbour, staying at The Haven, when we had the terrible news of the outbreak of war. On my return to London there was a revival of *Nobby, V.C.* We opened at Victoria Palace on 24th August, and, after a successful run there, went on to the

suburbs and provinces. We had had nearly four months when I lost Sam Walsh, who was booked for pantomime.

Following on her success with *Nobby, V.C.*, Miss McGeoch embarked on another musical sketch, in which she collaborated with Cecil James. The piece was called *The Best Man*, in which Elsie Spain played with me, and I was delighted to have the services of Sam Walsh again.

We did some variety touring, and appeared at many war-relief matinées.

Unfortunately, this was my last work with Sam, for he was soon afterwards called up for military service. In him I had a unique comedian. The first time we met was in *The Dashing Little Duke*. Having seen and appreciated his work in that piece, and realising that he had marvellous ability, I was fortunate in getting him to play the part of Sloppy, which required musical knowledge and pathos, plus low comedy, all of which he possessed.

After hearing him at the piano, one could never forget his rendering of "The Camperdown," for which he composed music. He rivalled even Lewis Waller in this recitation vocally, and his piano-playing enhanced it; indeed, his musical monologues were equal to Clifford Harrison's, and better praise cannot be given.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK]

SAM WALSH, AS SLOPPY
(*Nobby, V.C.*)

Nobby, V.C., would have been revived again later, but circumstances prevented, for unhappily, as was the case with many others on military service, Sam's health was seriously undermined, and he passed away, his death depriving both stage and public of a delightful personality and a consummate artist. Since then I have never felt able to revive the sketch, as so far I have not found any one who could fit the part of Sloppy so completely, though I am still looking.

During that summer I happened to run across Percy Hutchison, who offered me a part in a farce, *Stop, Thief!* which he was producing. He was apologetic that the part was not very suitable for me, so was glad to have it preceded by *The Best Man.* Instead of some of the composer's numbers, special songs such as " Queen of my Heart " and " Tommy Atkins " were introduced.

Stop, Thief! ran at the New Theatre for a couple of months and was then transferred to the Prince of Wales's, but as this happened within a week of Christmas, I had to leave the cast to go to Manchester to play for the second time The Mad Hatter in *Alice in Wonderland.* This production was given at matinées and evening performances, and had a six weeks' run at the Gaiety Theatre, where that wonderful woman, Miss Horniman, produced so many artistic successes. For many years, by her own efforts, she held a unique position in the theatrical world, and the pity is

that her theatre has now passed out of her hands and has followed the usual fate of becoming a cinema.

We had a wonderful time in Manchester, playing to packed houses at every performance. The Press was enthusiastic in its praise, notices appearing several times during the six weeks.

At one of the evening performances, an unlooked-for interruption occurred, reminding us that the war was not yet over.

Messages were passed from the east coast across to the towns in the west that an air-raid was expected, the news reaching Manchester just at the end of the first act of *Alice*. It was the custom in many houses, when unwelcome air visitors were heralded, to have the lights lowered. This was a new departure for Manchester, but the town authorities suggested that the theatre should be plunged into darkness for five minutes as a sort of rehearsal, in case real necessity should arise.

This was done, but at the end of the five minutes the lights did not go up; ten minutes passed, fifteen, twenty—the audience, who had shown exemplary patience, began to get a little restless; they were naturally getting quite nervous, and darkness has an uncomfortable way of magnifying fear. At the end of half an hour, it was clear that something must be done, so the worried manager came to the company.

"What about an impromptu concert?" said he. "Do you think you could manage it? We can't carry on with *Alice* in the dim light allowed." We readily jumped at the idea, for we were tired of sitting in the dark, not knowing what was going to happen next. So, as quickly as possible, candles were produced in place of footlights, a reminder of the old days of dips, which used to be snuffed during the performance. The upright piano, kept for rehearsals, was then wheeled from the wings on to the stage, and brought down to the front near the footlights, the orchestra remaining silent in the "well." Some of the company sang, others recited, and thus in different ways the audience was kept entertained. I put aside my Mad Hatter make-up and sang songs, one of the other artistes playing the accompaniments, although, of course, without music. The audience was only too thankful for distraction, and responded with tremendous enthusiasm to everything we did. Later in the evening, when all fear of a raid was over, the lights were turned up, but by then it was too late to go on with *Alice*.

CHAPTER X

WILLETT'S DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL — "YOUNG ENGLAND," 1916 — "MASTER WAYFARER" (FIRST TIME), 1917—"VALENTINE," 1918—"AS YOU WERE," 1918—"ALICE" (AGAIN)

A COUPLE of months after this Manchester visit, the Tercentenary Shakespeare Commemoration was being held at Stratford-on-Avon. It was very flattering to me, always associated with the musical comedy world, to be asked to take part in this performance. Frank Benson was directing the proceedings, and my first meeting with him was when he came to the station at Stratford and escorted us on his bicycle, like an outrider, beside our carriages. There was a special interest in this celebration, for Mary Anderson made a most welcome reappearance on the stage after her many years of retirement. She gave the sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*.

Among the various scenes and excerpts was one from *Much Ado about Nothing*, in which I played the part of Balthazar, with song "Sigh no more, ladies."

Mention of this song will remind old playgoers of the beautiful rendering given by Jack Robertson, who was singing at the Lyceum during Henry Irving's celebrated production of *Much Ado about Nothing*. I remember being tremendously impressed by the singer and his song.

During the week at Stratford, a commemoration was also held at Drury Lane, when I played again the part of Feste in a scene from *Twelfth Night*.

This summer saw the passing of Willett's Daylight Saving Bill. For many years much publicity had been given to this scheme by William Willett. One has only to travel far enough East or West to realise the variations in clock time with the solar time, and yet Willett worked for years to achieve his object, and then died without seeing it fulfilled. I was one of the witnesses at the meetings held at the House of Commons when opinions were being taken from representatives of different professions and trades. The Bill was introduced into Parliament in 1908, and put on the shelf, to be reintroduced in 1909, and again shelved. All this time Willett was working, leaving no stone unturned to gain publicity for the movement. Then came the war, and the propaganda of daylight saving had to be dropped. However, the drastic need for economy in light and fuel made the Government reintroduce the

Bill early in 1916, and in May of that year it came into operation—a great blessing for the nation.

An example of similar economy was seen a hundred and fifty years ago when a Bill was passed by the French Government at the instigation of the American Ambassador, Benjamin Franklin, thus bringing about a tremendous saving to the country in candles. It is much to be regretted that Willett's name is not perpetuated in some way with daylight saving. We see how the names of Brougham, Macadam, Robert Peel, etc., are remembered, yet probably only a few to-day know the name of Willett in connection with summer-time. It seems ungrateful to his memory that the annual change from Greenwich time does not bear his name.

Young England was first produced in Birmingham in the late autumn of 1916, then for a week at Cardiff, before opening in London at Daly's.

For some time Viennese productions had been running at Daly's, due to George Edwardes' work in connection with Lehar and his followers, and it was good, indeed, to turn from Viennese waltz time to enjoy such typically British music as in *Young England*. Basil Hood's words, too, have the same spirit. A few lines of his fine, invigorating prologue are given here :

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK]

SELF, AS JOHN OXENHAM
(Young England)

"This play is writ for English men and women
To tease their memories and entice their mood,
Unto the ancient spirit of this land—
This young, fresh England.

O! that is England's way and England's wealth,
And England's honour and high England's health—
To breed such men Death may not overcome!
Now—now ye rouse to a dead Admiral's drum;
And young fresh England hath stood up awake
To spend her youth by following after Drake!"

The prologue was spoken on the first night by Henry Ainley, who appeared in khaki. After the first night, the lines were spoken by Elaine Inescourt, and later I rendered them, dressed in the character of Oxenham.

It was a light opera of Elizabethan days, both libretto and music well suited to that period.

Hubert Bath tells how he composed his share of the music in barracks, whistling over the tunes while grooming horses, for he was in camp at the time.

G. H. Clutsam, who collaborated with him over the music, was responsible for the setting of some delightful songs, among them being one which was introduced especially for the part of Oxenham, which I was playing. It was that fine dramatic and patriotic song, "Who sings of England," with Captain Hood's wonderful words, full of dignity and strength.

What a pity that the melody cannot exude from these pages. Here are the words :

"YOUNG ENGLAND"

1916–1917

"Who sings of England?
I who have fared thro' England,
Her highways and her byways,
And loved her while I went.
Her woodland and her moorland,
Her good land and her poor land,
From Cornwall to Northumberland,
From Cumberland to Kent!
Thro' the breadth and the length of her,
The beauty and the strength of her,
What enemy shall take from her
The blessings God hath sent!

Who hate this England?
But they who envy England,
The freeway of her seaway,
Her ships at wharf and quay.
The treasure of her trading,
Their loading and unlading,
That name of England's majesty,
The mistress of the sea!
O the greatness and the wealth of her,
The sweetness and the health of her,
We hold in holy trust for her
That England shall be free!

Who stand for England?
The mariners of England,
The freedom of their seadom
Shall centuries requite—

By sowing cometh reaping,
By holding cometh keeping,
By manhood cometh mastery,
  By courage cometh might!
O my land, if age bring scorn to thee,
We pray that sons be born to thee,
Who'll stand as these have stood for thee,
  And God defend the right!"

This was one of the many occasions on which a song was specially introduced for the part I was playing.

Indeed, the opera was full of good songs for every one. Another that stands out was a rollicking one by Bath, the opening bars recalling the familiar hornpipe music, beginning "When travelling days are over," but it came to be known as the "Apple Song," owing to a little incident which grew out of some stage business, happening thus:

In the scene of farewell to the heroes about to embark on Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*, girls are standing about on the quayside distributing fruit, tossing apples, etc. (stage ones), to each other and their sweethearts (the departing sailors).

One that was thrown hit me on the head one evening, creating laughter, as such incidents often do; the next night I caught the fruit, and this gave me the idea to have a real apple thrown, and make a little stage business by eating it while

I sang. So I sat on a cask and munched an apple, singing between the bites.

After six weeks at Daly's, *Young England* had to move in order to make room for a production which had already been booked. The opera then went over to Drury Lane for a month, the longest period that could be arranged, as reconstruction of the house was shortly to take place to enable a larger seating capacity for future productions. These alterations took longer than was expected; in fact, so long that there was no pantomime that year during the Christmas season. I believe this was the only time for many years that such a thing had happened at Drury Lane. It has now a magnificent interior, but fortunately retains the familiar old front so dear to the eye of old Drury Laners.

After a month there, *Young England* toured the leading towns, where it was wonderfully popular; indeed, more so than in London—why? "Who sings of England" was much liked, so when the tour came to an end and I went into variety for a few weeks, I made a special feature of the song, wearing my original John Oxenham costume.

There is a little musical play for which I have a warm corner in my heart. I refer to *Master Wayfarer*, which was presented for the first time on any stage at a charity matinée, given at the Apollo Theatre on 4th December 1917.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*L. Wood*

SELF, AS MASTER WAYFARER

It is a one-act piece, described as "A happening of long ago," the book by Harold Terry; intensely human and dramatic, an incident in the life of an old ex-actor who has become a travelling showman, a Punch-and-Judy man. In the course of his wanderings he comes to an inn where he gets into conversation with the "Man," who confides that he is in love with the "Maid" presiding over the inn, but she does not return his affection. A chance remark from the "Man" reveals that this "Maid" is none other but Master Wayfarer's long-lost daughter.

However, the poor father feels that he has come down in the world to such an extent that he will not make himself known to the "Maid," but he renders her a service; for, by using great diplomacy, he makes her see that she is giving her heart away to the "Villain" instead of to the "Man" who is really worthy of her. Having secured her happiness, Master Wayfarer disappears out of his daughter's life.

Through this dialogue charming lyrics and music are interwoven. Scott Craven wrote the lyrics, and the four songs which fall to the lot of the Wayfarer are as choice as any which Howard Carr has ever composed.

While writing the music, he was very kind in allowing me to be with him, for, by so doing, he composed songs such as I could render.

This beautiful little play never failed to please,

but, being only a one-act piece, it does not take its place in the theatre as readily as it should. Up to this date it has been found of too whimsical and delicate a nature to be put on the halls—so far, it has only had a couple of fortnights at different times in the Metropolis. When it went on tour as a first piece, it met with extraordinary success.

With the approach of Christmas I was booked for my third engagement in *Alice in Wonderland*, this time in London at the Savoy, and while waiting for the date, did some singing in variety. During this period of the war, the nerves of the civilian population were particularly on edge owing to the moonlight raids, one of which occurred during the week I was at Stratford, Bow. There must have been some curious happenings that night wherever big gatherings were expected.

It was a lovely moonlight night, very suitable to raiders, but dreaded by the raided. While the "first house" was on, warning of an expected raid was received, so it was uncertain as to whether the "second house" would open or not. At intervals the artists wandered out to look at the moon and sky, and there was that usual unsettled feeling that was becoming only too familiar in those days. The manager decided to wait and see if there would be an audience for the "second house," and when it was found to

consist of one man only, he was dispersed, especially as the coin with which he had paid for his seat was a mark, not a shilling ! !

By this time, the traffic had been withdrawn, so in order to get home it was necessary to walk the length of Mile End Road (it should have been called on this occasion the Mile End*less* Road), not a soul about except an occasional bobby, who kept giving the advice, "Take cover." However, in the open there was only the risk of bomb and shrapnel, whereas, in taking cover, to my mind there was the added danger of a roof falling in. I chose the former risk and went on till, arriving at a Tube station, I decided to continue my journey west that way, if the trains were running. But what a way it was! It seemed as if the entire population of the East End had gathered there. Stairs, platforms, passages were tightly packed with people, bed and bedding, food and clothing, infants *in* arms, infants *out* of arms. This dense mass of people was to be seen at every station, but scarcely any one could get into the trains, they were all so crowded.

I believe this was a common sight on air-raid nights in this neighbourhood ; at the first warning, they used to rush to take cover underground

like rabbits, prepared to spend the night there, which they generally did, having carried their household property with them.

Those days were often very difficult, yet there was never a time when it was more necessary for artists to be at their best, and give performances that would enable their audiences to forget for an hour or two all the dangers and difficulties besetting them and theirs.

I mentioned just now that I was going to appear in *Alice*; at one of these performances a comical thing happened behind the scenes. During the Trial scene (children will recollect how the jury was made up of animals), when the Hatter was under examination, there was a very suitable opportunity to introduce "The Elephant and the Portmanteau," a song written and composed by my old friend, Frederic Norton, of *Chu Chin Chow* fame. The child who was playing Alice had not yet come on for the trial, but was waiting in the wings. Having played other parts in the company for three or four years, she naturally knew the play word for word, but it just happened that she had not heard of the interpolation of Norton's song; and now, as there was something she did not recognise, she rushed to the stage manager at the prompt corner, and told him to "bring down the curtain, the Hatter's *really* mad; he's putting in things that are not in the play."

While these matinées of *Alice* were going on, I opened in *Valentine* at the St. James's, so that, until the run of *Alice* was over, the matinées of *Valentine* were played by the understudy. The St. James's had been taken over by George Alexander in 1891. This clever and talented actor-manager was always to be seen in plays by British authors, a policy he pursued up to the time of his death in 1918, leaving behind him a great and lasting reputation.

Valentine was called a romantic comedy opera, a description which fitted it well.

The composer, Napoleon Lambelet, a Greek, was at that time director of music at the Greek Church in Bayswater. For years he had been composer of songs, of which quite a number found a place in my repertoire. Lambelet was also a most sympathetic accompanist, and whenever possible I sought his help in this direction. His clever daughter, Vivian, has rapidly come to the front as a singer, and " follows in father's footsteps " with composition.

In August, *As You Were* was put on at the London Pavilion by C. B. Cochran, with Delysia in the cast, into which I was thrown at twenty-four hours' notice, taking the part of The Fool, in consequence of Harold Bradley's being unable to appear ; the other part of Bradley's work was played by A. H. Majilton. It is interesting to note that he belonged to the family of the famous

Majilton dancers, contemporaries of the Vokes family.

Like every other Londoner, I worshipped at the shrine of one of the Vokes' girls, and never failed to go and see them when they were at Drury Lane. The little family (there were five of them) were an entertainment in themselves.

I played the Fool (here I refer to the character) in *As You Were* till Christmas, when I had to leave to play again the Hatter in *Alice in Wonderland* at the Gaiety in Manchester (here for the second time), and I came back to London only to start off on the road once more, this time in *The Gay Trouville*, a musical comedy, the story of which was taken from Ouida's *Moths*. We had quite a successful tour, and it was a pleasure to find myself working again with Louis Bradfield.

CHAPTER XI

"THE PURPLE MASK," 1919—"THE REBEL MAID," 1921—REVIVALS OF "MASTER WAYFARER" AND "ALICE"—"OLIVER CROMWELL," 1923—"LIONEL AND CLARISSA," 1925–6—THE BENSONIANS, 1927—"THE DAMASK ROSE," 1929—"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AT THE KINGSWAY, 1929–30

THE PURPLE MASK opened at Brixton, previous to going into the provinces. It was run by Murray King and Clark, a happy combination of two good friends—Murray King, a comedian of merit, who like most actors had the craving (not often satisfied) to become a manager, and Clark, my old friend of Colchester days, who gave me my first singing engagement. Mention of this play recalls the sad fact that Charles Clark, known affectionately as "Nancy," passed away during the first week of the run without having seen a single performance.

The Purple Mask was not a musical piece, but owing to the persuasions of these two good friends in the management, I accepted the part. In spite of the success of the tour, there was a

series of misfortunes, beginning with Clark's death.

The big railway strike took place in the latter part of September of this year, 1919, and many accounts could be given of the difficulties which resulted from it. People were truly fortunate who were not obliged to go away from home during that period.

The Purple Mask company, with bag and baggage, had on its tour to get somehow from Aldershot to Chatham. There being no train, the journey had to be accomplished by road, so we chartered motor-buses, and in spite of many minor adventures, managed to get plenty of fun out of the journey, especially as it was a wonderful September, bright and sunny. Fortunately, the distance to be travelled on that occasion and for the following two or three weeks was not great, otherwise the company would have fared badly, as many companies did.

The first tour came to an end on the 13th December, and a *second* started a fortnight later, but I did not join it until the beginning of May 1920, as I was filming.

The first three weeks in June had dates for *The Purple Mask* in Ireland, but owing to the unhappy state of affairs over there, after our last performance at Bury on the 29th May, a meeting was held on the stage to decide the question as to whether or not we should go to Dublin,

where we were due on the 3rd of June. Opinions were divided, many not wanting to go to Ireland. The feeling was so strong that it was decided that the only thing for us to do was to come back to London and lay the matter before the management. This done, the company was persuaded to fulfil the engagement, so we turned up in due course, though two days late, at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.

The following humorous and characteristic remarks on this incident appeared in the *Dublin Evening Telegraph* of 3rd June 1920:

"*The Purple Mask* abounds in fair women and brave men. Almost everybody is bubbling over with courage—in the play, but it is one thing to strut valiantly amid a lath-and-canvas reconstruction of revolutionary France, and quite another thing to adventure from the pleasantly tame land of Britain to this desperately lawless western island.

. . . . . .

"Wherefore we must not judge too harshly the nine members of *The Purple Mask* Company who last Saturday informed their management that they drew the line at an Irish tour, even though it embraced only three cities and was of only three weeks' duration.

"Hence the announcement that 'owing to transport difficulties' the opening night of the production at the Gaiety had to be postponed. But one of the theatrical profession's own trade journals, *The Stage*, in this week's issue gives the true story with some caustic comments, as follows:

"'WHAT "THE STAGE" SAYS

"'Irish dates. We hope few managements will be placed in the unfortunate position of Messrs. Murray

King and Clarke, whose *The Purple Mask* Company were due to open at the Gaiety, Dublin, on Monday. The unsettled conditions in Ireland had been under discussion by members of the company, with the result that on Saturday the management found themselves presented with a sort of round robin from nine artistes, who intimated that they would not proceed to Ireland. The consequence was that the Gaiety, Dublin, remained dark on Monday and Tuesday.

. . . . . .

" 'If the nine members in question had feared for their personal safety it surely would have been more fair to their management to let them know in advance, when arrangements could have been made either for cancelling the dates or handing them over to other companies. After all, there are such things as actions for breach of contract, and if the touring management were penalised for not producing their company in accordance with their contract, it is only to be expected that they should claim damages against the artistes who put them into that position.'

" Very plain speaking that, from your own organ, Mesdames et Messieurs of *The Purple Mask*.

. . . . . .

" But if the nine are here, what a horrible time they must be having! Why, it was only the week before last that Abraham Lincoln was shot dead on the very same Gaiety stage, and the heartless Dublin audience never as much as winked a solitary tear away. And hardly a night passes without somebody being murdered on the stage of the Queen's Theatre.

" Truly, it is a terrible country."

And thus *The Purple Mask* came to an end in Ireland at the beginning of July, for which we were all very thankful.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Stage Photo Coy.*

CLARA BUTTERWORTH AND SELF
(*The Rebel Maid*)

After this I managed to take a short holiday before coming back to town to appear in *The Rebel Maid*, which was produced at the Empire Theatre—a romantic light opera, an all-British production, the plot woven round the story of the landing of William of Orange in 1688 to oppose James II.

There were some charming numbers, and the whole effect of dresses and scenery was most picturesque, but from a singing point of view, the part I played, that of the heavy father, gave me no satisfaction, as I had very little work except for one or two dramatic situations in the finales and ensembles at the end of the acts. It seemed strange to be in a musical piece and yet have no solo; however, it was impossible for any alteration to be made, for according to contract (a fact I only heard after the play was withdrawn) there were to be no variations in the casting, nor were interpolations to be allowed.

In nearly all the musical comedies I have been in, extra numbers were inserted if it were thought advisable, and there is no doubt that many musical plays benefit greatly when this is done. I have referred to occasions on which songs were especially inserted.

The Rebel Maid was withdrawn after a run of three months.

The remainder of the year was spent in touring *Master Wayfarer* as a first piece to *Nightie Night*.

I look back on this period with great pleasure, for to be playing in a success acts as a tonic, so this tour took the place of a much-needed holiday, building me up for a " pantomime " engagement in London at Christmas, playing the Mad Hatter for the fifth time in *Alice in Wonderland*, this time at the Garrick Theatre.

I was particularly pleased to be associated with John Drinkwater's fine historical play, *Oliver Cromwell*, which added considerably to the reputation that its author had made over *Abraham Lincoln*. As a character-study of the Protector, the play was of great interest, revealing traits in his character which history books have not brought out. It is not so much a play of action, but consists rather of illustrations of passing scenes in Cromwell's life. *Cromwell* was performed in all the big towns on tour, opening at Brighton in February 1923, and when it came to London to play at His Majesty's, unfortunately had to be withdrawn after a short run of only nine weeks, though for over three months in the provinces, every single night at the close of the performance, Henry Ainley, who was playing Cromwell, was compelled to acknowledge the tumultuous applause in a speech of thanks.

My rôle, that of Amos Tanner, an old retainer in Cromwell's service, contained some lines set to music, given twice in the play. The first time, Amos shows himself possessed of a robust

voice; the second occurs twenty years later, when Cromwell, seated by his mother's death-bed, asks the now feeble Amos to sing the old song again. This gave a nice opportunity for contrast of rendering. The words were set to a simple melody of the folk-song order by George Drinkwater, cousin of the author.

"When I shall in the churchyard lie,
Poor scholar though I be,
The wheat, the barley, and the rye
Will better wear for me,
For truly have I ploughed and sown,
And kept my acres clean,
And written on my churchyard stone
This character be seen:—
'His flocks, his barns, his gear he made
His daily diligence,
Nor counted all his earnings paid
In pockets full of pence.'"

When we opened at Brighton, the producer wanted a pair of old silver spectacles for Cromwell's mother, so I went to a curiosity shop kept by a friend of mine, and found he was able, after a long search, to produce a pair which he gave me as a personal memento. This is not all. I found they were hall-marked, and the date of the marking of the bows, according to the hall-mark, went back about two hundred years. Finding the lenses suited my sight for reading, I went to an optician to have them cut in half, so that I could look over them for distance. On

my telling him a little of the history of the glasses, he said: "Well, I think it is a pity to have these pebbles cut, for in the old days vessels from South America brought huge stones as ballast containing pebbles, and on arrival in England, such portions as could be used were cut for lenses." I am now very glad that the pebbles were not interfered with.

During the tour in the provinces, the following lines appeared in a Yorkshire paper:

"Apropos the production of Mr. Drinkwater's *Oliver Cromwell* at His Majesty's, an amusing story is told which shows how a singer with some reputation is unknown.

"The play has a scene in which choristers off the stage sing the 'Old Hundredth.' Henry Ainley as Oliver, and Hayden Coffin as Amos Tanner, are standing by the open window. While the play was on tour, resort was had to local church choirs to do the off-stage singing.

"In a big town, one of these choristers turned to Hayden Coffin, who had been doing his bit in the singing of the 'Old Hundredth,' and said, 'You've got a very remarkable voice, sir; why don't you give up acting and take to singing?'"

The withdrawal of *Cromwell* from His Majesty's enabled me to go on tour with my old friend Leslie Stuart, who was "starring" at the piano with his delightful melodies. Little did I think this was the last time I should have the privilege of his playing for me. He was, perhaps, best known as the composer of the charming music of *Floradora*, the most popular of all its melodies

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] ["*Navana*"

SELF, AS AMOS TANNER
(*Oliver Cromwell*)

being that delightful number, " Tell me, Pretty Maiden."

Many other tuneful songs came from Stuart's pen; among others, coon songs made famous by Eugene Stratton; also the stirring, patriotic song, " Soldiers of the Queen." I had sung this some years before at Daly's, and had acquired the rights. However, George Edwardes did not consider it suited to musical comedy, but as there was great life in the song, I gave the rights back to Stuart (the gift much appreciated), and Albert Christian sang it on the halls for some time. It had a great vogue, meeting with tremendous success, proving that it was more suitable in variety than in musical comedy. It is now, of course, " The Soldiers of the King."

Singing at a charity concert held at one of London's schools of music, I met Charles Fry, the well-known Shakespearian authority and a director of the Academy. Fry remembered me from very early amateur days when we had both belonged to the Irving Dramatic Club, he in the capacity of stage manager, I one of the younger members. Once, at rehearsal, I was up to schoolboy tricks, and altogether gave so much trouble that Fry threatened to turn me out. We had a hearty laugh over our reminiscences, and notwithstanding my misdemeanours of old days, Fry asked me if I would join the staff of examiners; work that I have found very interesting.

A few years ago I was pleased to take part in an interesting series of concerts in aid of Lord Roberts' Fund, which spread over a period of some six months. They were given in an informal way at various large hotels in and around London. My songs were always "by request" old favourites, and the accompanist, who also played the rôle of raconteuse, told many amusing stories. During the evenings a collection was made, the money counted, and the sum announced, and if there were odd shillings and pence, as usually there *were*, a little speech was made to the effect that "There will be more songs, after which an opportunity will be given to any of the audience to make up an even sum." This little device generally added two or three more pounds to the collection, and so the game went on, according to how much it was felt advisable to bleed the hearers, who were, however, quite cheerful about being bled.

Once an enthusiast, on hearing that the sum collected was only £20 odd, promptly wrote out a cheque for a similar amount, doubling the collection. This was chiefly due, I feel, to that stirring song, "The Dover Patrol," the words adapted from a poem by Cecil Roberts, the music by Carrington.

What a magnificent song it is; the words alone are stirring, but allied to excellently chosen music, produce a great dramatic effect. It is

" dedicated to Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, The Officers and Men of the Dover Patrol."

Among the many occasions on which I have given this song, one remains fixed in my mind. It was due to the kindness of Mrs. Kendal, who, when she heard the song, arranged to motor me down to Portsmouth, in order that I should sing it at an afternoon reception given to the Admiralty by the Deputy-Governor of the Dockyard. It was then that a suggestion was made that the initials T.B.D. (the nautical abbreviation for Torpedo Boat Destroyer) should be explained before singing the song to a civilian audience.

" THE DOVER PATROL "

(Dedicated to Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, the Officers and Men of the Dover Patrol)

We mann'd the grey destroyers,
The hornets of our Fleet,
The ships our old employers
Were wont to lightly treat.
Thro' night and day we prowl'd about,
Took one turn in and one turn out,
Not very far from Dover.

And every hour of the twenty-four
We barr'd the Pirate Huns' back door—
Lord, what a life for a young sea rover!

We barter'd with the chances
That snatched our living breath,
For danger so entrances
We ran full speed to death.

On naval deeds the Lords wax'd hot,
But strange to say they quite forgot
The T.B.D. from Dover.

Yet every hour of the twenty-four
Death claimed the men who barr'd the door—
God, what an end for a young sea rover!

But when the Great Call's sounded,
And from the ocean's bed
To join the grand communion
The sea gives up her dead—
Before the Great White Throne will stand
In grand array the men who mann'd
The T.B.D. from Dover.

Then writ in gold on the scroll of fame
We'll see at last each Hero's name—
Oh, what a day for a young sea rover!

Sir Roger Keyes was not present at this reception, but I had the privilege of meeting him later in London at one of those pleasant luncheons given by that most genial of all hosts, the late Admiral Sir Frederick Fisher.

It was particularly interesting at this moment to meet Sir Roger Keyes, as I had just been asked to sing this song as a prologue to that wonderful film, "Zeebrugge," which depicted, with life-like scenes, the taking of the Mole, one of the greatest achievements of modern warfare, planned by Sir Roger. It is common knowledge how the taking of the Mole was

the means of arresting the frightful German submarine campaign.

I shall never forget my first experience of singing for the B.B.C. during its early days; it was done in what was practically a padded cell (a "sell," indeed, the word being used advisedly), for it meant not only thick carpets and curtains, but also padding on the walls and ceiling, in order, it was thought, that the voice should be entirely absorbed into the microphone—a very trying ordeal. I felt as though I were singing with a respirator over my mouth, and who *could* sing at his best under such conditions!

Nor was this for me the least trying part of the performance. Having been accustomed always to see the audience and realise the effect of the song upon them, I found it difficult to sing—at any rate, satisfactorily to myself—and it is poor compensation to know that possibly an audience of some ten thousand may be sitting gazing at loud-speakers, or wearing head-phones; for they may be doing anything rather than listening.

A busy writer was asked how he found time to listen-in. "Quite easy," was his reply; "I correct my proofs and work all the evening with head-phones on."

Just imagine an audience at a concert busying itself with various occupations while a song is being sung! How very encouraging for the

artists! Also, when singing into the microphone, the dead silence that follows is poor compensation for one's strenuous efforts; to my mind, hissing and booing would be better than this "nothing." But since these early days of "padded cells," many performances are broadcast directly from concert halls, a far better arrangement, for the artists have the advantage then of seeing an audience and hearing applause, and under these conditions can give better of their art than in cold blood, though it is surprising what excellent performances are given in the studio.

It is unnecessary to add to the praise already bestowed on the good work which has been carried out at The Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, during the last few years. Sir Nigel Playfair has established a reputation for himself and the theatre by reviving old English plays and operas. I played in one of these productions, *Lionel and Clarissa*, for a season, when I met again, in this her last appearance on the stage, that inimitable artiste, Lottie Venne.

I shall never forget, before I ever went on the stage, her wonderful performance in F. C. Burnand's clever farce, *Betsy*, played at the Criterion for over four hundred nights, when she took the title-rôle, playing opposite to young Boucicault, son of the celebrated actor and author, Dion Boucicault.

Lionel and Clarissa appealed so much to me, that when the season came to an end at Hammersmith, I took it on tour in conjunction with Cecil Barth, with Playfair's scenic production and costumes, surrounded by an excellent company, for an autumn season. Unfortunately, bookings compelled us to play in the vast Opera House in Manchester for a fortnight in August. It so happened that that city enjoyed a spell of three weeks' sunshine during that month, an unprecedented occurrence which spelt disaster for theatres, and killed the tour. I was especially disappointed, for the city of my birth is such a lover of good things.

Another pleasant tour I had was the one which enables me to call myself a "Bensonian," a title I have at last attained after a long and chequered career. I take off my hat to Sir Frank, who has done great work in bringing out many fine Shakespearian actors.

This "Bensonian" tour was handled by him in partnership with Gerald Lawrence, who was playing leads; *The School for Scandal* and *Monsieur Beaucaire* were included in the repertoire. I had two parts in this latter, and it brought back the old times to be linked once more with the name of Frederick Rosse, composer of the music for *Monsieur Beaucaire*, which was originally written for Lewis Waller.

Rosse did the music for nearly all Waller's

productions. Other works of his were: *Water Babies*, with book by Rutland Barrington, at the Garrick, two years in succession; *All Abroad*, with J. T. Tanner and Owen Hall, at the Criterion, etc.

At the end of my engagement with the Bensonians, I was very pleased to receive the following letter:

"'THE BENSONIANS,'
HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
CARLISLE, *3rd November* 1927.

"MY DEAR HAYDEN COFFIN,—Thank you very much for your kind letter to the Management and Company.

"Having a very vivid recollection of the great pleasure I have often derived from 'a sweet singer,' it will always be a source of pride that we have had your valued co-operation in our Company. I only deplore that your opportunities had not been greater and your sojourn with us longer; perhaps time and the future may bring a remedy for these regrets.

"We all miss you, and the Boys and Girls much appreciate the friendly comradeship which they received at the hands of so distinguished an artiste.—With every good wish, yours always, very truly,

"FRANK R. BENSON."

G. H. Clutsam's success in the adaptation of Schubert's music in *Lilac Time*, which had such a phenomenal run in London and the provinces, induced him to experiment in a similar way with Chopin's music. Schubert's songs lent themselves more readily for stage adaptation than Chopin's pianoforte works, which now,

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK]

for the first time, were rearranged for song and choral setting.

Unlike the story of *Lilac Time*, the composer did not appear as the hero, but instead, Clutsam wrote a romantic imaginary adventure round the last Polish king, Stanislaus, naming this light opera *The Damask Rose*, which was first produced with great success on tour. We opened at the Opera House, Manchester, going on to Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and finished at a London suburb, hoping to open in the West End the following year. It was a delightful production and, as might be expected, very popular. Amy Augarde, whom I last met on the stage when she appeared in *Dorothy* and *Doris*, had a prominent part in *The Damask Rose*. Of her I can only say that, good as she was before, the years have added to her charm and abilities. Walter Passmore, a great favourite of old Savoy days, had an excellent scene with her. Wilma Berkeley, from Australia, whom I had put on the stage for the first time in my little tour of *Lionel and Clarissa*, was leading lady, having gained much experience in the intervening years. My part was that of the Pedlar, but when *The Damask Rose* opened in London at the Savoy, I was playing in a revival of *The School for Scandal*, produced by Frank Cellier at the Kingsway Theatre, Cellier playing Sir Peter to Angela Baddeley's Lady Teazle. It was a beautiful

production, and had a run of sixteen weeks. This was the third revival in which I sang the song, "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen." In this and the Benson production mentioned, I was Sir Harry Bumper, the part for which Sheridan wrote the song. Cellier gave me a free hand in the drinking scene, and such success as it achieved I attribute to two reasons: one, that we made use of the excellent suggestions that Benson had given me in his production, and the other, that Charles Surface and his guests at the table were so lusty in their community singing of the choruses. Indeed, this help was equal to, if not greater than, any I have had in the many musical productions in which I have taken part.

Those who have known me professionally will remember "Bowen," in and about the London theatres known as "Joe." He was my faithful "guide, philosopher, and friend," with me from "early morn to dewy eve," on the stage and off, until his death a few years ago—a record of some thirty-eight years' service. Bowen made it his own special business to see that life ran as smoothly as possible for me. Whether at concerts, in theatre, in my house or garden, he was always willing to help, and his keen sense of the ridiculous brought humour into his work. When he passed away, I felt like a man in a boat who has lost one oar, only able to propel his

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Crowther*

SELF, AS SIR HARRY BUMPER
(*The School for Scandal*)

craft by sculling with the other from the stern.

Another "guide, philosopher, and friend" whom I have mentioned as having started me on my career was Percy Anderson, spoken of in the *Times* of 31st October 1928 as follows:

"A prolific and successful designer of stage costumes, Mr. Percy Anderson, who died yesterday at the age of seventy-seven, may be regarded as a link between the older and the modern school of theatrical designers. Before him the alternative to 'dressing' a play in the period, not of its origin but its performance, was a pedantic historical accuracy, sacrificing stage effects to the knowledge that everything was correct; in our day the tendency is to consider the stage picture before everything, and to suggest period by allusion rather than by imitation. By virtue of the strong decorative sense, particularly in colour, which he combined with historical accuracy and knowledge of heraldry, Anderson escaped from the pedantry of his predecessors and paved the way in the most interesting manner for the developments we have seen in the hands of Bakst, the late Claud Lovat Fraser, and Mr. Gordon Craig. Nor was Anderson limited to 'period' costumes. His inventive power and imagination enabled him to create fantastic effects, such as the Mannequin Parade in the bazaar scene in *Chu Chin Chow*, and he had lately completed the costumes and stage setting for a beautiful little ballet."

The number of productions for which Anderson has designed costumes are too many to enumerate here, but to his credit he will be remembered by nearly all the original productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, as

well as for remounting the revivals of the earlier plays; then there were the Shakespeare plays at His Majesty's, during Beerbohm Tree's management, and later, at the same theatre, several of Oscar Asche's successes, to say nothing of a great number of musical plays produced by George Edwardes at Daly's Theatre.

His work was not only confined to designing for the theatre, as examples of his art are to be found at the Louvre, National Portrait Gallery, British Museum, and at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

At his own request he was laid to rest in Crondall Churchyard, where William Fullerton, our mutual friend of early days, was buried.

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Corbett*

MRS. HAYDEN COFFIN

CHAPTER XII

FILMS—CONCERTS

WHEN I first started filming, before the war, misfortune dogged my footsteps, for many companies with whom I was working either produced films which were never shown or the companies themselves went into liquidation.

Costly failures have now taught producers better methods, and this waste of time and money is a thing of the past. I took part in one called "Queen of my Heart"; the title attracted me, but it proved to have no connection whatever with my old song or its sentiment. I am not aware of its ever having been shown.

Another early film experience occurred during the war. I was offered the leading part to play with a well-known actress of melodrama, but as the character for which I was cast was most unsuitable, I persuaded the management to give me another part, and urged that they should engage Arthur Wontner, or a man of his type, for the lead. This they did, and after putting in many weeks of rehearsals in town and on the

south coast, we discovered that the studio by the sea where we worked had been erected on a concrete foundation built by the company for enemy guns. When suspicions were aroused, the actors were disbanded and excuses given by the company for the work not being continued. Other concrete foundations of a similar character were also found along the sea-front.

Two or three years later, I went over to Monte Carlo to take part in the first picture ever made in the Casino grounds—"The Black Spider." Though we were given special permission for this, no pictures of the interior of the gaming-rooms were allowed to be taken, and such was the vigilance of the Casino authorities that we were constantly being asked by different custodians to produce our credentials. No matter how important the scene, interruptions were frequent. The lady who was my wife in the film could not complete the engagement, and, on the company's return to England to finish the work, Mrs. Hayden Coffin was asked to step into the breach.

In spite of such artists as Lydia Kyasht and Sam Livesey in the cast, this film was not a success.

My wife has completely eclipsed me on the screen, having made conspicuous successes in all her work, establishing for herself an outstanding position by her performance in the

HAYDEN COFFIN'S BOOK] [*Stoll*

ADELINE HAYDEN COFFIN AND HENRY VICTOR
(*The Prodigal Son*)
(Film produced by the late A. E. Coleby)

version of *The Prodigal Son*, by Sir Hall Caine; each film in which she has subsequently appeared has confirmed the opinion of the Press:

Of *The Prodigal Son*, the *Manchester Chronicle* says:

"Exaggeration is avoided and simplicity is the keynote of a most pleasing performance. Her mother-love study of Anna Stephenson in *The Prodigal Son* is one of the most notable achievements in recent British films, and is such a sympathetic, altogether-human portrayal of parental affection that one regretted the fact Mrs. Hayden Coffin had not come earlier to the screen."

Concerning *The Love Story of Aliette Brunton*, the *Evening News* writes:

"The gem of the film is the acting of Mrs. Adeline Hayden Coffin as the hero's mother—a stern old lady who resents her son running off with another man's wife. The scene where she relents and makes peace with the heroine is one of the most beautiful pieces of screen work I have ever seen, perfect in restraint and understanding of human nature."

In the previous chapters I have chronicled my stage work only, but concert singing has taken a prominent part in my public life; indeed, I was singing professionally for some time before going on the stage, my first engagement being at Colchester. Kate Santley was running a musical comedy, *The Merry Duchess*, at the Royalty Theatre, in Dean Street, where William Gregory was making a big sensation as Willie Bowman,

representing Archer, the famous jockey of that period.

Gregory and I had met on several occasions at the house of a mutual friend near my home in Kensington. One evening he mentioned that he had been asked to sing at Colchester, but could not go—would I take his place? Such an opportunity, of course, I jumped at, and it led to regular concert work down there for about ten years.

These concerts were run by Charles Clark, of that town, who eventually took up theatrical business with Murray King. I started as a nonentity in Colchester, and felt very proud that my name should figure on the programmes with such well-known artistes as Ellen Terry, Mrs. Langtry, Clara Butt, Florence Winn, Miss Fortescue, and others.

The Colchester people received me very kindly, and by degrees, from being a mere nobody, I found myself gradually becoming popular. It was at Colchester that I first met "Tommie" Noble, who played the accompaniments at the concerts.

"Tommie," who had rare gifts, rose rapidly in his profession, and is now better known as Tertius Noble, Mus.Doc. Starting as a pupil-teacher of music in Colchester, he became the celebrated organist of York Minster, and later he accepted a similar position at St. Thomas's

Episcopal Church "on" 5th Avenue, New York.

What a number of trifling little incidents remain indelibly in one's memory. There was one in connection with this first visit of mine to Colchester. Never having been much away from home, I felt quite a man of the world as I stepped out of the train one late afternoon at Colchester Station. When the railway-line was built, the Corporation would not allow the station to be erected nearer than two miles from the town, but, in course of time, the town grew out to the station. I covered the distance in a rumbling fly, really a worn-out brougham, which drove me to the old "Cups Inn," now, sad to say, rebuilt in modern style. On arrival, "Boots" said the chambermaid would show the way to my room. I pictured a smart, uniformed lassie, but not so. At the top of the stairs was an old, old woman, bent and weather-beaten, who, in a quavering voice, said, "This way, sir," and holding a dripping candle over her head, went in front of me along the narrow, uneven passage, the floors undulating like the sea. The sight of this decrepit old lady, together with the equally decrepit flooring, came as a great shock and surprise to my youthful mind.

For years, although stage work occupied most of my life, I did a good deal of concert singing, and through frequently appearing at the Chappell

Ballads, I became acquainted with many leading artists of that day, and with their assistance gave many concerts of my own at the old Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, as it was then.

This hall is known to-day as the Grotrian Hall of Wigmore Street.

Those were busy days, as, in addition to my other work, there were numerous benefit and charity concerts, and if my name was on the bill, I made a rule of never disappointing, even on occasions when the voice was not at its best!

Though these benefit and charity affairs were very frequent and took up a great deal of time gratis, when giving my own concerts I never allowed fellow-artists to sing for nothing, though many offered to do so.

However, this rule was rigorously kept, and at least an expense fee always given. I therefore never hesitated to ask my celebrated colleagues to appear, but this course prevented there being much in the way of a turnover; in fact, the balance was very often on the wrong side, but my motive was to keep in touch with the concert world.

The first concert I gave was in June 1887, the wonderful year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, at the old Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, which has long since been converted into the Prince's Restaurant. What a privilege it was to have the assistance of so many famous artists at this my first venture. Here is the program:

PART I

Song . . "Hybrias the Cretan" . . *Elliott*
Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN

Song . . "A Summer Night" . *Goring Thomas*
Miss MARIE TEMPEST

Song . . "Only Once More" . . *Moir*
Mr. LAWRENCE KELLIE

Song . . "The Requital" . *Blumenthal*
Mr. BEN DAVIES

Song . "A Song from Heaven" . . *Cowen*
Madame PATEY

Solos, Piano *a.* "Andante" . . . *Chopin*
b. "Serenade Mauresque" . *Albanesi*
Signor CARLO ALBANESI

Song . "The Garden of Sleep" . . *de Lara*
Mr. ISIDORE DE LARA

Songs . *a.* "Is my Lover on the Sea" . *Cowen*
b. "Snowflakes" . . . ——
Miss MARY DAVIES

New Song "Dreams of a Summer Night" . *Tosti*
Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON
(Accompanied by the Composer)

Recitation . "Ave Maria" . *Alfred Austin*
(with music) Mr. CLIFFORD HARRISON

PART II

Duet . . "Allons Voir" . . *Tosti*
Miss MARIE TEMPEST and
Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
(Accompanied by the Composer)

Songs . *a.* "This Heart of Mine" . . *Kellie*
b. "Loyal Love" . . . ——
Mr. LAWRENCE KELLIE

Song . . "Needles and Pins" . *F. N. Lohr*
Madame PATEY

Song . . "Thou art Sleeping" . *Ivan Caryll*
Mr. BEN DAVIES
(Accompanied by the Composer)

Recitation by Mrs. KENDAL

Songs . *a.* "Pepita" . . . . . *Tosti*
(Accompanied by the Composer)
b. "Les Myrtes sont fletris" . *Faure*
Mr. ISIDORE DE LARA

Songs . . *a.* "Madrigal" . *Chaminade*
b. "Fly Little Song" . . *Cellier*
Miss MARIE TEMPEST

Song . . "Sally in our Alley" . . ——
Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON

Songs . *a.* "My True Love" . *E. Birch*
b. "Dear Kitty" (Old English) . ——
Miss MARY DAVIES

Songs . *a.* "My Lady's Bower" . *Hope Temple*
(Accompanied by the Composer)
b. "To Anthea" . . . *Hatton*
Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN

CONDUCTORS.

Miss Hope Temple. Signor Romili. Mr. Alfred Izard.
Mr. Ivan Caryll. Mr. Wilfred Bendall and Signor Tosti.

Other concerts followed at the same hall, at which, in addition to those names already mentioned, I had the help of the following: Belle Cole, Marian Mackenzie, Liza Lehman, Amy Roselle, Mrs. Shaw, the celebrated American whistler, and many others.

Programs of these years show how the old songs are for ever sung by the well-known singers of the day. For my own part, beginning from these days down to the present, "To Anthea," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Kathleen

Mavourneen," are among others that are constantly asked for. "The Village Blacksmith," with Longfellow's wonderful words, used to be sung by the composer, Willoughby Weiss (himself at the piano). This, and another old song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," written by my mother's singing-master, Professor Crouch, I have had reset and brought out in a special edition. The following is what Crouch says about the song:

"The words instantly attracted my attention by their purity of style and diction. I sought the authoress, and obtained her permission to set them to music. Leaving London as traveller to Chapman & Co., Cornhill, while prosecuting my journey towards Saltash I jotted down the melody on the historic banks of the Tamar. On arriving at Plymouth I wrote out a fair copy of the song and sang it to Mrs. Rowe, the wife of a music publisher of that town. The melody so captivated her, and others who heard it, that I was earnestly solicited that it should be given the first time at her husband's opening concert of the season. But certain reasons obliged me to decline that honour. I retired to rest at my hotel, and rising early next morning and opening my window, what was my surprise to see on a hoarding right opposite a large placard on which was printed in the largest and boldest type, 'F. Nicholls Crouch, from London, will sing at P. E. Rowe's concert "Kathleen Mavourneen," for one night only!' Amazed and confused at such an unwarrantable and unauthorized announcement, I hurriedly completed my toilet, took my breakfast, and rushed to Mr. Rowe's warehouse. But, despite my reluctance, and overcome by the entreaties of the fascinating Mrs.

Rowe, I appeared and sang the song to a crowded audience, with the most enthusiastic applause."

From 1894 onwards, I gave a series of recitals regularly at the old Steinway Hall, which continued over a period of about twelve years—three or four each year. It was a standing joke against me, that the business manager at Daly's always referred to these recitals as my "stay-away-all" concerts! Some did stay away, it is true, but fortunately *some* came!

I gave a few concerts also at the old famous St. James's Hall, afterwards demolished to make way for the Piccadilly Hotel. In addition to the big St. James's Hall, there was a small hall underneath where Christy's Minstrels performed; some time after, they became known as the Moore and Burgess, continuing at this same hall until 1904.

"Pony" Moore was a celebrity in those days; his real name was George Washington Moore, his father a bass-drummer in the United States Army, having served under George Washington. "Pony" got his nickname while performing in Franconi's Circus in New York; he was an expert with ponies, being able to ride and drive forty at once. Another story says that he got his nickname owing to his propensity for betting in "ponies."

It was during his circus engagement with Franconi that Moore met John Murray of the

Roman Gladiators' Minstrel Troupe, who taught him the banjo, an instrument little used then, and when he left the circus he started a minstrel troupe of his own. When he came over to

England, he and Burgess made a wonderful success of the minstrels at St. James's Hall, enjoying tremendous popularity there for many years. It was a boast of theirs, which they advertised, that they "never appeared out of London."

Some afternoons when the ballad concerts were on, I would creep downstairs between my appearances on the platform and enjoy half an hour of this exceptionally clever entertainment. Once every year they gave a performance in the big hall.

It was in St. James's Hall that the original "Monday Pops" were held; they were established and managed by Arthur Chappell, his object being to introduce good classical music to the public at popular prices.

At the beginning of my career I made his acquaintance, and was invited to his home in Harley Street, where all artistic London gathered, and where I first met Mrs. Kendal.

These "Monday Pops" have passed into history. What wonderful evenings they were, and what a wealth of talent was assembled. Madame Néruda (who became Lady Hallé), Madame Schumann, Joachim, Piatti, Sir Julius Benedict, Sims Reeves, and Santley—these and other famous artists could be heard for the modest sum of 1s. Many were the times that I paid this for a seat at the back of the platform only a few feet away from the piano, and was lost in wonder at the genius of these great artists. What a fight there was to reach this point of vantage—queues were not known at this date, and early comers for the shilling seats at the back of the platform had to crowd up at a

narrow back entrance near Vine Street by the famous Police Station. There were two other entrances to the hall for the more expensive seats—one in Piccadilly, the other in Regent Street.

Little did I dream that, in the days to come, instead of being one of the audience I should be a performer. It is a thousand pities that St. James's Hall no longer exists. It was perfect for its acoustic properties ; there was not another place to equal it in London—indeed, perhaps, not in England. Queen's Hall succeeded it, but many say it can in no way compare with the old St. James's.

These concert recitals of mine at the Steinway and St. James's Halls call up a host of happy memories, and I am proud to set down the names of those who helped to make me known.

Alas, some are gone—Frances Allitsen, Lilian Eldée, Lillian Russell, Suzanne Sheldon, Maurice Farkoa, Frank Lambert, Clifford Harrison, Hirwen Jones, Edward Lloyd, Herbert Standing. Others, too—George Giddens, so long under Sir Charles Wyndham's banner in comedies at the Criterion Theatre, H. B. Irving, Arthur Playfair, Lewis Waller, Charles Warner—all leading actors in their day—Wilfred Bendall, the celebrated accompanist. These were names with which to conjure, and it would fill a separate volume to tell of all they did, and

how they worked for their profession. One can but pay silent homage to their memory.

I first met Farkoa when he was singing at a private house in the West End. I was much struck with his work; he sang his delightful French songs as if he were telling a story in music. The only way I can describe his method is by saying he gave recitations in song, with a captivating grace, always making use of gestures, as a reciter might. He never had words or music in front of him. I hope this custom of singers bringing the words of a song on a platform will gradually be discarded. Surely they know their words—then why read them? A reciter would not dream of reading from his text. At this first meeting I urged Farkoa to see George Edwardes, who gave him his first London engagement in the *Artist's Model*, later putting him in many of his musical plays.

Farkoa's method taught me a good deal. His personality was charming, and we joined forces in giving a series of recitals together at the Steinway Hall during the spring of 1911. He was born in Smyrna, of a French father and an English mother—a delightful combination. His death was a great loss to the public, and this unique personality has never been replaced.

Then there were Lena Ashwell, Mrs. Albert Barker (mother of Granville Barker), a wonderful reciter, Ada Crossley, Ada Davies, Evangeline

Florence, Annie Hughes, Agnes Janson, Marguerite Hall, Lawrence Kellie, Edmund Maurice, and Frederick Norton; also instrumentalists, Tivadar Nachez, Johannes Wolf (violinists), Joseph Hollman, and W. H. Squire ('cellists)—all most famous of their day.

The composers who accompanied me in their own songs were :

Frances Allitsen, a dear friend of many years' standing, and composer of beautiful songs of great power. Her writing was of a very high and classical order. She set music to many translations of Heine's poems. I am very proud to be in possession of nearly all the proofs of her MSS., and I was favoured by being allowed to run through most of her songs with her before they were published.

Hope Temple composed many songs which I had the privilege of singing when first brought out. Among the most popular are "An Old Garden" and "My Lady's Bower." Before she married André Messager, she was well known in London as Dotie Davies.

J. M. Capel wrote many songs specially for me; among them, "Love, could I only tell thee," and "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree."

Lawrence Kellie is already mentioned among the artists. He not only sang his own songs, but accompanied some of them for me to do so on many occasions.

Frank Lambert, the composer of many delightful songs; among them, two especially popular—"A Barque at Midnight" and "She is far from the Land."

M. Nap. Lambelet, the well-known Greek composer.

There were also Frederick Rosse, Herbert Sparling, Reginald Somerville, and Frank Tours.

It is easily realised that such success as I achieved was in a large measure due to their help.

Among other accompanists were: Frank Mummery, Mervyn Dene, so long associated with Seymour Hicks as stage manager; (Sir) Hamilton Harty, (Sir) Percy Pitt, F. A. Sewell, the standard accompanists at old St. James's Hall and London's leading concerts.

To add to variety in the program, there were small orchestras and vocal quartettes, chief among which were the Meister Glee Singers, consisting of Webster Norcross (bass), William Forrington (baritone), Gregory Hast (tenor), and William Sexton (alto).

These recitals were quite informal affairs, more like friendly "At Homes" than ordinary concerts. Instead of the usual programme seller, many kind friends acted as stewards and showed the audiences—those who were not the "stay-away-alls"—to their seats, presenting gratis to each a neat little book containing the

words of the songs, this novelty of non-payment for programs being a big success, *naturally*!

Since those days many of these kindly stewards have become well known in either the stage or concert world. Among them were: Leedham Bantock, who was long connected with, and wrote for, the Lyceum Theatre, a son of the celebrated London physician, Dr. Bantock, and brother of Granville Bantock; Frank Boor, now business manager of the London Hippodrome; Arthur Coke, secretary of the Dumb Friends' League for many years, up to the time of his death; Akerman May, who later became managing director (now retired) of a very well-known theatrical agency; Charles Clark, my old friend of Colchester days; Garrett Todd, for twenty-eight years, up to his retirement, business manager at Daly's Theatre; W. T. Lovell, stage manager at many theatres—Wyndham's, Prince of Wales's, etc.; Minor Edwards, or rather Edwards Minor—his Christian name was George, but he was always Edwards Minor, to distinguish him from the "Guv'nor," the one and only George Edwardes, for whom he was manager at Daly's Theatre during a period of many years—he has now retired and lives in the country; Huntley Wright, one of that large theatrical family of the old and revered actor and manager, Frederick Wright. Huntley, in his early career, made a big name in the provinces,

and when he settled in London, made a great success at Daly's in *The Geisha* as Wun-hi, following on with parts in *A Greek Slave*, *San Toy*, *A Country Girl*, and *The Cingalee*, playing with me for nearly ten years at Daly's, and later touring with his own companies. And there were other actors, too, among the stewards. Scott Russell, since his ripe experience of parts with Edwardes, has now been for many years on the permanent list of artists at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Then there was Farren Soutar, son of the incomparable burlesque actress, Nellie Farren; Ben Webster, grandson of the great Benjamin Webster; Lawrence D'Orsay, who was in *A Gaiety Girl*, afterwards going to America and playing for a long time as the Duke of Pawtucket in the piece of that name.

A great many of my concerts were managed solely by L. G. Sharpe, who always showed kindness and characteristic courtesy. We originally met in the offices of a concert agency where he was employed, to which I had gone about my first concert, and he was so thoughtful and considerate on that occasion that I made up my mind to go to him for all future concert arrangements if ever he should set up for himself; and when this came about in 1900, I was fortunate in having his kind help, which has never failed. Since those days his work has expanded. Paderewski, the great Polish patriot,

and Chaliapine, the Russian singer, have had most of their professional arrangements controlled by him. So much for my recitals.

The London Ballad Concerts, which had been established and managed by Boosey & Co., Music Publishers, of Regent Street, were given for years on Saturday afternoons at the old St. James's Hall.

A relative of the Booseys, having severed his connection with the Regent Street firm, went over to Chappell & Co., in Bond Street, and managed for them a series of concerts known as the Chappell Ballad Concerts. These were also given at St. James's Hall, but on Wednesday afternoons as a rival to the Saturday Boosey concerts.

Wednesday theatre matinées not being in vogue then, it was possible to secure the services of theatrical artists on that day, which added to the popularity of the concerts, and for five or six years, fortunately for me, I was included. These concerts were not wholly confined to London ; two or three " flying " visits (although aeroplanes were not in use) were made to the south coast and other places. At Brighton the concerts were given in the Dome, which was then quite the finest hall for acoustics in the south of England.

As both series of afternoon ballad concerts were held in the St. James's Hall, naturally there

was some confusion in the mind of the public until St. James's was pulled down, when the London ballad concerts went to the Royal Albert Hall and the Chappell ballad to Queen's Hall. On looking through old programs, I see I had the privilege of appearing with many brilliant artists, among them the following, placed alphabetically: Teresa Blamy, Ada Crossley, Lucy Clarke, Fay Davis (Mrs. Gerald Lawrence), Lilian Eldée, Hilda and Muriel Foster, Marjorie Field-Fisher, Alice Gomez, Lily Hanbury, Mrs. Kendal, Zélie de Lussan, Cissie Loftus, Mrs. Langtry, Fanny Moody, Evelyn Millard, May Muckle, Julia Neilson, Olga Nethersole, Ella Russell, Florence St. John, Mrs. (now Lady) Tree, Helen Trust, Philip Brozel, Ben Davies, Robert Evett, Signor Foli, Reginald Groome, E. C. Hedmont, Watkin Mills, Joseph O'Mara, Bantock Pierpont, Courtice Pounds, Kennerley Rumford, Sims Reeves, Norman Salmond, Charles Santley, and others.

Before leaving this subject of concerts, I must mention one given at St. James's Hall in 1884, known as the Ammoniaphone Concert, at which I sang.

The word "Ammoniaphone" was used because, on this occasion, a new invention was introduced to the public, the "Ammoniaphone." The inventor gave a lecture before the concert began, claiming that after years of observation

and research he had successfully devised this simple instrument, not unlike a white metal flute in appearance. By means of inhaling into the lungs certain gases contained in the tube, which were the equivalent of a pure air, identical with that of Italy, he claimed that, with careful use, the throat and lungs would greatly benefit, and not only would the range of the voice be increased, but the notes would be fuller and richer. He also held that the beauty of the Italian singing voice was due to some quality peculiar to the air of that country, and he was anxious to make known this wonderful invention in Great Britain. I cannot say how far this instrument caught on with the public. All I can say is that any success I achieved was certainly not due to the Ammoniaphone, for I never used it. Years afterwards I saw it stated in the Press that the swindle was exposed, prosecution followed, and the shop in Oxford Street where it had been sold was closed.

My acknowledgments are due to those numerous friends who, intentionally or no, have refreshed my memory and supplied me with facts—to Miss I. A. Lewis for her collaboration throughout the writing of this book; also to the late Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Sir Bernard Partridge, John Hassall Esq., and others.

C. H. C.

APPENDIX OF PROGRAMS

EMPIRE THEATRE

December 26, 1884

"POCAHONTAS"

A New Opera

Book by Sydney Grundy. *Music by* Edward Solomon

Pocahontas	Lillian Russell
The Widow Thompson	Alice Barnett
Mr. Percival Punsheon Potts	Henry Ashley
Corporal O'Flanagan	Robert Brough
Captain John Smith	Frank Celli
General Sir Hector van Tromp	J. L. Shine

EMPIRE THEATRE

March 11, 1885

"THE LADY OF THE LOCKET"

Written by H. H. HAMILTON. *Composed by* WILLIAM FULLERTON

Oblivio (Baron di Bombazina) . .	Mr. J. L. SHINE
Talkativo Grandolmanio (Doge of Venice)	Mr. H. M. CLIFFORD
Cosmo (his son)	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Ascanio (a young Venetian noble) .	Mr. HENRY BRACY
Hugo (Venetian gentleman) . .	Mr. CHARLES RYLEY
Pietro (Venetian gentleman) . .	Mr. H. EVERSFIELD
Cesario (Chief Page to the Doge) .	Miss KATE BELLINGHAM
Alastro (Venetian citizen) . .	Mr. ARTHUR H. CREE
Giovanni (Venetian citizen) . .	Mr. S. PERCIVAL
Cantancarina (Baroness di Bombazina) .	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN
Francesca (her daughter) . .	Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN (By permission of Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD)
Stella (a ballad singer) . . .	Miss EDITH BRANDON
Marca, Lola, Baptista (market women) . .	Miss LESLIE BELL, Miss N. LISLE, Miss A. BARNETT
Vecchia	Miss FLORENCE DAWNAY
Exquisito	Mr. HERBERT GEORGE

AVENUE THEATRE

September 19, 1885

"FALKA"

Music by CHASSAIGNE
Written and produced by H. B. FARNIE

Falka (niece of Folbach, at convent school)	Miss VIOLET CAMERON
Boleslas (Chief of Tzigani)	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Folbach (Military Governor of Mongratz)	Mr. J. J. DALLAS
Tancred (his nephew—usher in the village school)	Mr. E. J. LONNEN
Arthur (student, son of rich Hungarian farmer)	Mr. LYTTON GREY
Brother Pelican (doorkeeper of convent)	Mr. SAM WILKINSON
Konrad (Captain of Governor's Pages)	Miss CLARA GRAHAM
Captain of the Guards	Miss COUTEUR
Boboky (Tzigan Scout)	Miss COLLIER
Alexina de Kelkirsch (a young heiress)	Miss EVA SOTHERN
Mina (her maid)	Miss RUBY M'NEILL
Feodorona (Tzigan dancer)	Miss EDITH CHARTERIS
Janotha (landlady of the inn)	Miss ADA VERE
Edwige (sister of Boleslas)	Miss WADMAN

COURT THEATRE

January 19, 1886

JOHN DRYDEN'S COMEDY

"SECRET LOVE," OR "THE MAIDEN QUEEN"

Prince Lysimantes . .	Mr. W. T. LOVELL
Philocles	Mr. BERNARD GOULD
Celadon	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Phormio	Mr. COOPER CLIFFE
Page	Mr. MARK AMBIENT
Deputies	Messrs. GILBERT TRENT and R. DE CORDOVA
Gentlemen	Messrs. TRESAHAR, DENTON, and EVERSFIELD
Soldiers	Messrs. CAFFREY, FULTON, GEORGE, GREET, LUGG, and HERBERT.
Queen of Sicily . .	Miss WEBSTER
Princess Candiope . .	Miss ROSE DEARING
Asteria, Florimel, Flavia (Maids of Honour) .	Miss A. BELMORE; Miss NORREYS; Miss BYRON
Melissa, Olinda, Sabina (her daughters) .	Miss NEVA BOND; Miss STEPHANIE BARING; Miss LILIAN CARR

ROYAL OPERA COMIQUE

February 10, 1886

"SAPPHO"

Poems and Lyrics by Mr. HARRY LOBB
Music by WALTER SLAUGHTER

Phaon	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Fauna	LUNA
Aphrodite	Miss MAUD MERRILL
Daphne	Miss GRACE ARNOLD
Irene	Miss MADGE SHIRLEY
Sappho	Miss HARRIETT JAY

COMEDY THEATRE

May 10, 1886

"THE LILY OF LÉOVILLE"

Book by FELIX RÈMO *and* ALFRED MURRAY
Lyrics by CLEMENT SCOTT. *Music by* IVAN CARYLL

The Chevalier Georges de Lauvenay	Mr. HENRY BRACY
Coriolon (his foster brother)	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Meridon (steward of the Léoville estates)	Mr. CHARLES E. STEVENS
Sergeant Rataplan	Mr. F. KAYE
Lourdaud (a farmer)	Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD
Lascelles (a coachman)	Mr. CHARLES ASHFORD
Rigaud (a notary)	Mr. AMBROSE COLLINI
Jacques (a servant)	Mr. H. C. PAYNE
Gabrielle de Léoville	Mlle. AGNES DELAPORTE
Turlurette (Lourdaud's daughter)	Miss MELNOTTE
Madame la Seche (landlady of the "Little Corporal")	Miss M. A. VICTOR
Jacquette (her niece)	Miss MINNIE BRYON

OLD GAIETY THEATRE

September 25, 1886

"DOROTHY"

Book by B. C. Stephenson. *Music by* Alfred Cellier

Dorothy Bantam	Miss Marion Hood
Lydia Hawthorne	Miss Florence Dysart
Phyllis Tuppitt	Miss Florence Lambeth
Mrs. Privett	Miss Harriett Coveney
Lady Betty	Miss Jennie M'Nulty
Geoffrey Wilder	Mr. Redfern Hollins
Harry Sherwood	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Squire Bantam	Mr. Furneaux Cook
John Tuppitt	Mr. Edward Griffin
Lurcher	Mr. Arthur Williams
Tom Strutt	Mr. John le Hay

LYRIC THEATRE

April 20, 1889

"DORIS"

By B. C. Stephenson *and* Alfred Cellier

Doris Shelton	Miss Annie Albu
Lady Anne Jerningham	Miss Amy F. Augarde
Mistress Shelton	Miss Alice Barnett
Dolly Spigot	Miss Effie Chapuy
Tabitha	Miss Harriett Coveney
Martin Bolder	Mr. Ben Davies
Sir Philip Carey	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Alderman Shelton	Mr. J. Furneaux Cook
Crook, Dormer } (apprentices)	Mr. John le Hay, Mr. W T. Hemsley
Barnaby Spigot	Mr. Percy Compton
Serving Man	Mr. B. P. Seare
Diniver	Mr. Arthur Williams

LYRIC THEATRE

November 23, 1889

"THE RED HUSSAR"

By H. P. Stephens *and* Edward Solomon

Ralph Rodney	Mr. Ben Davies
Sir Harry Leighton	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Sir Middlesex Mashem	Mr. Albert Christian
Corporal Bundy	Mr. Arthur Williams
Mr. William Byles	Mr. Frank M. Wood
Private Smith	Mr. S. King
Gaylord	Mr. A. Ferrand
Maybud	Mr. G. Willoughby
Kitty Carroll	Miss Marie Tempest
Barbara Bellasys	Miss Florence Dysart
Daisy	Miss Maud Holland
Mrs. Magpie	Mrs. W. Sidney

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

Saturday, January 18, 1890

"MARJORIE"

Written by Messrs. Lewis Clifton *and* Joseph J. Dilley
Composed by Walter Slaughter

Wilfred	Miss Agnes Huntington
Cicely	Miss Phyllis Broughton
The Lady Alicia	Madame Amadi
Marjorie	Miss Camille d'Arville
Ralf, Earl of Chestermere	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Sir Simon Striveling	Mr. Henry Ashley
Nicholas, of Chestermere	Mr. Frederick Wood
Witgills	Mr. Albert James
Captain of Guards	Mr. T. A. Shale
Martin	Mr. A. T. Hendon
Gossic	Mr. Harry Monkhouse

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

August 25, 1890

"CAPTAIN THÉRÈSE"

Written by MM. ALEXANDRE BISSON *and* F. C. BURNAND
Composed by R. PLANQUETTE

Vicomte Tancrède de la Touche	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Philip de Bellegarde	Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY
Coupécourt (an orderly)	Mr. J. ETTINSON
Marquis de Vardeuil (in command of First Lorraine Dragoons)	Mr. HARRY PARKER
Captain Boulignac (of the French Army)	Mr. T. A. SHALE
Lieutenant Campastro (of the Spanish contingent)	Mr. A. T. HENDON
Major de la Gonfrière of the French Army)	Mr. GEORGE MARLER
M. Duvet (notary)	Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE
Colonel Sombrero (in command of the Spanish contingent)	Mr. HENRY ASHLEY
Sergeant Vadeboncœur (of the French Army)	Mr. T. ARTHUR
Sergeant La Tulipe (of the French Army)	Mr. A. THOMAS
Marceline (waiting-maid to Mlle Thérèse)	Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON
Mme La Chanôinesse Herminie (sister to the Marquis de Vardeuil)	Madame AMADI (Mrs. GEORGE LOVEDAY)
Claudine (in the household of the Marquis)	Miss FLORENCE DARLEY
Mlle Thérèse (daughter of the Marquis de Vardeuil)	Miss ATTALIE CLAIRE

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

February 5, 1891

"MAID MARIAN"

Written by H. B. SMITH. *Composed by* REGINALD DE KOVEN

Robert, Earl of Huntingdon . .	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Sir Tristram Testy (Sheriff of Nottingham)	HARRY MONKHOUSE
Sir Guy of Gisborne (his ward) .	JOHN LE HAY
Little John (outlaws) . .	LEONARD RUSSELL
Bend-the-Bow	FLORENCE DARLEY
Friar Tuck	HARRY PARKER
Math, the Miller	T. A. SHALE
Will Scarlet	EGBERT ROBERTS
Allan-a-Dale	VIOLET CAMERON
Maid o' the Mill (a villager) . .	COLLINI
Annabel	ATTALIE CLAIRE
Dame Durden	Madame AMADI
Maid Marian	MARION MANOLA

LYRIC THEATRE

July 31, 1891

"LA CIGALE"

Written by Messrs. CHIVOT *and* DURN, *and composed by* M. AUDRAN
English version written by F. C. BURNAND, *and composed by*
IVAN CARYLL

Marton	GERALDINE ULMAR
Chevalier Franz de Bernheim	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
William	E. W. GARDEN
Vincent Knapps	JOHN PEACHY
The Duke of Fayensberg	ERIC LEWIS
Cavalier	FRANCIS BARNARD
Curfew Watch	ROBERT SELBY
Mendicant	NORDBLUM, JUNR.
Matthew Vanderkoopen (landlord of "Golden Lamb," Bruges, uncle to Marton and Charlotte)	HARRY MONKHOUSE
Charlotte (cousin to Marton)	ANNIE SCHUBERTH
Aunt Catherine	FLORENCE MELVILLE
Manetta	DORA THORNE
Juliet Grisenach, Zitanella, Tamburina, Cecilia de Monti (dancers from Opera at Bruges)	MABEL LOVE, LILLIE THURGATE, M. BRANARD, M. GREET
La Frivolini	MIMI ST. CYR
Camille Duburri	MAY SINCLAIR
The Duchess of Fayensberg	ANNIE ROSE

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

November 26, 1891

"MISS DECIMA"

Composed by E. AUDRAN, *and adapted from the French of*
Mons. BOUCHERON *by* F. C. BURNAND
The Lyrics by PERCY REEVE

Rev. Dr. Jeremy Jackson	Mr. DAVID JAMES
Peter Paul Rolleston	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Chevalier O'Flanagan	Mr. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
Bertie Brown	Mr. LEONARD RUSSELL
Marmaduke Jessop	Mr. WELTON DALE
Donald McQuord	Mr. R. SESNON
Jules	Mr. H. GORDON
La Senora de Varganaz	Miss M. A. VICTOR
Senora Inez	Miss ANNIE SCHUBERTH
Flora	Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE
Jeannie	Miss EDITH FIELDING
Decima	Miss DECIMA MOORE

H. C. MINER'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK

May 28, 1892

"THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE"

Libretto by MAURICE BARRYMORE. *Music by* CHARLES PUERNER

Waldemar	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Cunigonde	MARIE DRESSLER
Flip	EDITH KENWARD
Klootz (brigands)	HENRY C. PEAKES
Kaspar (brigands)	ROSS DAVID
Schpoof (brigands)	WILDER PEASE
Schweip (brigands)	GLYN BIGGE
Schplitz (brigands)	J. A. DAY
Baron Otto Von Piffleseltzer	J. H. RYLEY
La Comtesse Terrine de Foie Gras	CECILIA POLLOCK
The Abbé Seraphin	EDWARD TEMPLE
Dr. Hyacinth	GEORGE M. HERBERT
Oscar	JOHN INCE
The Rhinegrave	WILLIAM F. OWEN
Frommesel	SYDNEY PRICE
Dr. Pulver Von Seidlitz	HENRY J. BAGGE
The Grafin Hildegarde	MARION MANOLA-MASON

U.S.A. TOUR, 1892–3

THE LILLIAN RUSSELL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY

"LA CIGALE"

Marton	Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL
Chevalier Franz de Bernheim	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
William	Mr. JOHN E. DUDLEY
Vincent Knapps	Mr. W. T. CARLETON
Duke of Fayensberg	Mr. CHARLES DUNGAN
Cavalier	Mr. CHARLES ALEXANDER
Curfew Watch	Mr. J. DORE
Mendicant	Mr. JAMES G. PEAKES
Matthew Vanderkoopen	Mr. LOUIS HARRISON
Charlotte	Miss LAURA CLEMENT
Marietta	Miss JESSIE KING
Julietta Grisenbach	Miss NANNIE DE VERE
Zitanella	Miss LEONORA RUIZE
Tamburina	Miss SADIE SHERWOOD
Cecilia	Miss FLORENCE CARLISLE
(dancers at the Opera.)	
La Frivolini	Miss FLORENCE FRANTON
Camille Dubarry	Miss MARTHA HABLEMAN
Catherine	Miss MARION WELLES
Duchess of Fayensberg	Miss ADA DARE

U.S.A. TOUR, 1892–3

THE LILLIAN RUSSELL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY

"THE MOUNTEBANKS"

Libretto by W. S. GILBERT. *Music by* ALFRED CELLIER

Alfredo	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Bartolo	Mr. LOIS HARRISON
Arrostino Annegato	Mr. CHARLES DUNGAN
Giorgio Ravioli	Mr. CHARLES ATWOOD
Luigi Spaghetti	Mr. CHARLES ROUX
Pietro	Mr. W. T. CARLETON
Elvino Di Pasto	Mr. JAMES G. PEAKES
Risotto	Mr. JOHN E. DUDLEY
Beppo	Mr. MALCOLM
Guiseppe	Mr. A. BASSI
Ultrice	Miss CECILIA POLLOCK
Nita	Miss LAURA CLEMENT
Minestra	Miss ADA DARE
Teresa	Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

Saturday, October 14, 1893

"A GAIETY GIRL"

A New Musical Comedy

Words by Owen Hall

Lyrics by Harry Greenbank. *Music by* Sidney Jones.

Charles Goldfield	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Major Barclay	Mr. Fred Kaye
Bobbie Rivers	Mr. W. Louis Bradfield
Harry Fitzwarren	Mr. Leedham Bantock
Romney Farquhar	Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay
Sir Lewis Grey	Mr. Eric Lewis
Lance	Mr. Gilbert Porteous
Auguste	Mr. Fritz Rimma
Rev. Montague Brierly	Mr. Harry Monkhouse
Rose Brierly	Miss Decima Moore
Lady Edytha Aldwyn	Miss Kate Cutler
Miss Gladys Stourton	Miss Marie Studholme
Hon. Daisy Ormsbury	Miss Louie Pounds
Lady Grey	Mrs. E. Phelps
Alma Somerset	Miss Maud Hobson
Cissy Verner	Miss Blanche Massey
Haidee Walton	Miss Rose Selwick
Ethel Hawthorne	Miss Violet Robinson
Mina	Miss Juliette Nesville
Lady Virginia Forest	Miss Lottie Venne

DALY'S THEATRE

February 2, 1895

"AN ARTIST'S MODEL"

By OWEN HALL. *Lyrics by* HARRY GREENBANK.
Music by SIDNEY JONES

Adèle (a rich widow, formerly an artist's model)	Miss MARIE TEMPEST
Lady Barbara Cripps	Miss LEONORA BRAHAM
Lucien (a French schoolboy)	Miss NINA CADIZ
Jessie (art students)	Miss MARIE STUDHOLME
Rosie (art students)	Miss KATE CANNON
Christine (art students)	Miss ALICE DAVIS
Ruby (art students)	Miss KATE ADAMS
Violet (art students)	Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX
Geraldine (a model)	Miss HETTY HAMER
Amy Cripps	Miss LOUIE POUNDS
Jane	Miss SYBIL GREY
Miss Manvers	Miss NELLIE GREGORY
Daisy Vane (Sir George St. Alban's ward)	Miss LETTY LIND
Rudolph Blair (an art student)	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Sir George St. Alban (a diplomatist)	Mr. ERIC LEWIS
Archie Pendillon (an art student)	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS
Earl of Thamesmead (Lady Barbara's brother)	Mr. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY
Algernon St. Alban (Sir George's son)	Mr. J. FARREN SOUTAR
Carbonnet	Mr. MAURICE FARKOA
Apthorpe	Mr. GILBERT PORTEOUS
Maddox	Mr. CONWAY DIXON
James Cripps (Lady Barbara's husband)	Mr. E. M. ROBSON
Smoggins	Mr. W. BLAKELEY
Madame Amélie	Miss LOTTIE VENNE

DALY'S THEATRE

April 25, 1896

"THE GEISHA"

Book by OWEN HALL. *Lyrics by* HARRY GREENBANK
Music by SIDNEY JONES

O Mimosa San	Miss MARIE TEMPEST
Juliette Diamant	Miss JULIETTE NESVILLE
Nami	Miss KRISTINE YUDALL
O Kiku San	Miss EMILIE HERVE
O Hana San	Miss MARY FAWCETT
O Kiokoto San	Miss ELSIE COOKE
Komurasaki San	Miss MARY COLLETTE
Lady Constance Wynne	Miss MAUD HOBSON
Miss Marie Worthington	Miss BLANCHE MASSEY
Miss Ethel Hurst	Miss HETTY HAMER
Miss Mabel Grant	Miss ALICE DAVIS
Miss Louie Plumpton	Miss MARGARET FRASER
Miss Molly Seamore	Miss LETTY LIND
Reginald Fairfax	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Dick Cunningham	Mr. LOUIS BRADFIELD
Arthur Cuddy	Mr. LEEDHAM BANTOCK
George Grimston	Mr. SYDNEY ELLISON
Tommy Stanley	Miss LYDIA FLOPP
Captain Katana	Mr. WILLIAM PHILP
Takamine	Mr. FREDERICK ROSSE
Wun Hi	Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT
The Marquis Imari	Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE

DALY'S THEATRE

June 8, 1898

"A GREEK SLAVE"

The book by OWEN HALL
Lyrics by HARRY GREENBANK *and* ADRIAN ROSS
Music by SIDNEY JONES

Maia (daughter of Heliodorus)	Miss MARIE TEMPEST
Antonia (a relative of Cæsar)	Miss HILDA MOODY
Melanopis, Nepia (slaves)	Miss GLADYS HOMFREY, Miss ELISABETH KIRBY
Licinea, Flavia, Tullia, Cornelia (patricians)	Miss F. COLLINGBOURNE, Miss OLIVE MORRELL, Miss KATHLEEN FRANCIS, Miss ALICE DAVIS
Iris (a Greek slave, confidential maid of Antonia)	Miss LETTY LIND
Diomed (a Greek slave)	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Heliodorus (a Persian soothsayer)	Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT
Archias (a Greek slave)	Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL
Manlius, Lollius, Curius, Silius (patricians)	Mr. W. T. ANDREWS, Mr. CONWAY DIXON, Mr. DONALD HALL, Mr. AKERMAN MAY
Marcus Pomponius (Prefect of Rome)	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON

The *pas seul* in the Saturnalia by Miss TOPSY SINDEN

DALY'S THEATRE

October 21, 1890

"SAN TOY"

Book by E. Morton.
Lyrics by Harry Greenbank *and* Adrian Ross
Music by Sidney Jones

Li	Mr. Huntley Wright
Sir Bingo Preston	Mr. Fred Kaye
Sing Hi	Mr. Colin Coop
Lieutenant Harvey Tucker	Mr. Lionel Mackinder
Fo Hop	Mr. Scott Russell
Fany	Mr. T. MacLean
Jewellers	Mr. S. Arrigoni and Mr. J. Murphy
Tartar Guards	Mr. T. H. David and Mr. J. Vigay
Old Mandarin	Mr. Akerman May
Yen How	Mr. Rutland Barrington
Poppy	Miss Hilda Moody
Dudley	Miss Gracie Leigh
Chu	Miss May Buckley
Wun Ling	Miss Gladys Homfrey
Ko Fan	Miss Maidie Hope
Trixie	Miss Topsy Sinden
6 Little Wives	Miss M. Darrell Miss Marie Fawcett Miss Marguerite Roche Miss F. Allen Miss Ethel Hope Miss Mary Collette
Miss Harley Streeter	Miss Alice Davis
Hon. Mrs. Hay Stackpoole	Miss K. Francis
Hon. Mary Lambkin	Miss Ada Carter
Lady Pickleton	Miss Hilda Corrall
Captain Bobby Preston	Mr. Hayden Coffin
San Toy	Miss Marie Tempest

DALY'S THEATRE

January 18, 1902

"A COUNTRY GIRL"

Book by JAMES T. TANNER. *Lyrics by* ADRIAN ROSS
Additional Lyrics by PERCY GREENBANK
Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.
Additional Lyrics and Numbers by PAUL RUBENS

Geoffrey Challoner	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Mr. Raikes	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON
Sir Joseph Verity	Mr. FRED KAYE
Douglas Verity	Mr. GILBERT PORTEOUS
Granfer Mummery	Mr. WILLIE WARDE
Lord Anchester	Mr. AKERMAN MAY
Comte d'Aurignac	Mr. CHARLES ANGELO
Sir Charles Cortelyon	Mr. CECIL CASTLE
Herr Toutscha	Mr. FRED VIGAY
Rube Fairway	Mr. SEBASTIAN KING
	and
Barry	Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT
Marjory Joy	Miss LILIAN ELDÉE
Princess Mehelaneh	Miss MAGGIE MAY
Madame Sophie	Miss ETHEL IRVING
Mrs. St. Quintin	Miss VERA EDWARDINE
Nurse	Miss VALERIE DE LACEY
Miss Carruthers	Miss TOPSY SINDEN
Miss Egerton	Miss OLIVE MORRELL
Lady Anchester	Miss OLGA BEATTY-KINGSTON
Lady Arnott	Miss NINA SEVENING
Miss Powyscourt	Miss HILDA CORAL
Miss Courtlands	Miss MAY CRANFIELD
Miss Ecroyd	Miss MABEL HIRST
Indian attendants	Miss MARY COLLETTE Miss MAY SNOWDON
	and
Nan	Miss EVIE GREENE

AVENUE THEATRE

June 30, 1903

"LORNA DOONE"

By ANNIE HUGHES

Founded on R. D. BLACKMORE'S *novel*

Councillor Doone	HOLMAN CLARK
Carver Doone	NORMAN MCKINNEL
Charlie Doone	CONWAY TEARLE
Rupert Doone	J. CHURCH
Sentry	FREDERICK VOLPE
John Ridd	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Tom Faggus	ROBERT LORAINE
Bill Blacksmith	F. LLEWELLYN
John Fry	W. G. SAUNDERS
Sheriff's Officer	T. HARVEY
Mrs. Ridd	E. H. BROOKE
Annie Ridd	DAISY THIMM
Ruth Huckaback	WINIFRED FRASER
Gwenny Carfax	ANNIE HUGHES
Lorna Doone	LILIAN ELDÉE

DALY'S THEATRE

March 5, 1904

"THE CINGALEE"

Book by J. T. Tanner. *Music by* Lionel Monckton
Lyrics by Adrian Ross *and* Percy Greenbank
Additional Dialogues, Lyrics, and Numbers by Paul Rubens

Harry Vereker	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Boobhamba	Mr. Rutland Barrington
Sir Peter Loftus	Mr. Fred Kaye
Myamgah	Mr. Willie Warde
Bobby Warren	Mr. Henry J. Ford
Dick Bosanquet	Mr. Conway Dixon
Freddie Lowther	Mr. Arthur Hope
Jack Clinton	Mr. Archie Anderson
Willie Wilson	Mr. J. Boddy
Captain of the Guard	Mr. Norman Greene
Attendant	Mr. F. J. Blackman
Chambhuddy Ram	Mr. Huntley Wright
Nanoya	Miss Sybil Arundale
Peggy Sabine	Miss Gracie Leigh
Naitooma	Miss Carrie Moore
Sattambi	Miss Alice D'Orme
Mychellah	Miss Freda Vivian
Coorowe	Miss Doris Severn
Angy Loftus	Miss Doris Stocker
Miss Pinkerton	Miss Nina Sevening
Fraulein Weiner	Miss Mary Fraser
Mademoiselle Chic	Miss Mabel Hirst
Signorina Tasso	Miss Joan Keddie
Lady Patricia Vane	Miss Isabel Jay

Pas seul in Act II., by Miss Topsy Sinden

APOLLO THEATRE

December 29, 1904

"VÉRONIQUE"

By A. Vanloo *and* G. Duval. *Music by* Andre Messager
English Version by Henry Hamilton
Lyrics by Lilian Eldee *and* Percy Greenbank

Ermerance, Countess de Champ Azur	Miss Lottie Venne
Agatha (Madame Coquenard)	Miss Kitty Gordon
Aunt Benoit	Miss Sibyl Grey
Denise (her niece)	Miss Coralie Blythe
Erminie (maid of honour to the Countess)	Miss Jessie Broughton
Sophie, Elisa, Zoe, Irma, Heloise (florists)	Miss Deborah Volar, Miss Hilda Coral, Miss Tilly May, Miss Jessie Black, Miss Dorrien Hood
and	
Hélène de Solanges [1]	Miss Ruth Vincent
Florestan de Valiancourt	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Mons. Loustot (a bailiff)	Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald
Seraphin (a groom)	Mr. Ralph Nairn
Octave, Felicien Florestan's friends	Mr. William Ashdown, Mr. Blair Headsworth
Max (a waiter)	Mr. Henry Adnes
Orderly (of the National Reserve)	Mr. Bernard Dudley
and	
Mons. Coquenard	Mr. John le Hay

[1] Played later during the run by Miss Isabel Jay.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

April 21, 1906

"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"

A Musical Comedy by LEEDHAM BANTOCK *and* ARTHUR HENDERSON
Music by HOWARD TALBOT

Charlie Chetwynd	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
General Sir Wilkie Willoughby	J. F. M'ARDLE
Lady Willoughby	VIOLET CROSSLEY
Viscount Gushington	LAWRENCE GROSSMITH
Mons. Duval	FRED ALLANDALE
Ninette	MARIE DAINTON
Susie	CORALIE BLYTHE
Rudolph	AKERMAN MAY
Adolphus Dudd	HORACE MILLS
A waiter	GEORGE BARRETT
Alice	JENNIE BUCKLE
Mildred	EVELYN POWIS
Olive	VIOLET VASILLER
Phyllis	CONSTANCE GUILBERT
Poppie Waring	DOROTHY REYNOLDS
Lottie Vernon	NANCY MALONE
Rosie Marshall	MOLLIE DENTRY
Lillie Lovegrove	LILY MILLS
Kitty Debenham	DOLLY BEAUFOY
Hettie Hudson	KITTY HIVES
Jack Spencer	REGINALD COOPER
Harold Vane	FRED MAGUIRE
Cyril Scott	BARRY NEAME
Frank Mason	WALTER DOLPHIN
Harry Thornton	H. B. CLARKE
Gerald Miles	EDMUND HOLLICK
Winnie Willoughby	ISABEL JAY

APOLLO THEATRE

April 17, 1907

"TOM JONES"

A Comic Opera founded on HENRY FIELDING'S *novel*
By A. M. THOMPSON *and* ROBERT COURTNEIDGE
Music by EDWARD GERMAN. *Lyrics by* CHARLES H. TAYLOR

Tom Jones	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Mr. Allworthy	Mr. JOHN MORLEY
Blifil	Mr. ARTHUR SOAMES
Benjamin Partridge	Mr. DAN ROLYAT
Squire Western	Mr. AMBROSE MANNING
Gregory	Mr. JAY LAURIER
Grizzle	Mr. WALTER RIGNOLD
Dobbin	Mr. REGINALD CROMPTON
Squire Cloddy	Mr. HARRY COTTELL
Pimlott	Mr. D. PERCIVAL
Tony	Mr. BIDDLECOMBE
An Officer	Mr. H. WELCHMAN
Two Highwaymen	Messrs. MELVILLE and DERRICK
Postboy	Mr. WOODIN
Waiter	Mr. CARR EVANS
Colonel Hamstead	Mr. RUPERT MAR
Tom Edwardes	Mr. MANNERS
Colonel Wilcox	Mr. DALMUIR
Honour	Miss CARRIE MOORE
Miss Western	Miss MARIE DALTRA
Lady Bellaston	Miss DORA RIGNOLD
Etoff	Miss DOROTHY WARD
Hostess of Inn	Miss FLORENCE PARFREY
Bessie Wiseacre	Miss MINNIE GREEN
Letty Wheatcroft	Miss ANNIE HEEMAN
Rosie Lucas	Miss CECILY COURTNEIDGE
Susan	Miss MAUD THORNTON
Betty	Miss MABEL NEWCOME
Peggy	Miss FAY TEMPLE
Sophia	Miss RUTH VINCENT

APOLLO THEATRE

May 12, 1908

"BUTTERFLIES"

Book by W. J. Locke. *Music by* J. A. Robertson
Lyrics by T. H. Read

Salome	Miss Gladys Soman
Paul	Mr. Willie Warde
Peter	Mr. Kenna Lawson
Gilbert	Mr. John Bardsley
Lalage	Miss Lucie Caine
Myra	Miss Jessie Lonnen
Yarker	Mr. Lauri de Frece
Christopher Podmore	Mr. Fred Edwards
Elsie Podmore	Miss Iris Hoey
Nora Podmore	Miss Stella St. Audree
Widgery Blake	Mr. W. Louis Bradfield
Max Riadore	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Rhodanthe	Miss Ada Reeve

WALDORF THEATRE

January 4, 1909

"DOROTHY" (Revival)

By Stephenson *and* Cellier

Phyllis Tuppitt	Miss Coralie Blythe
Tom Strutt	Mr. Herbert Strathmore
John Tuppitt	Mr. F. J. Vigay
Dorothy Bantam	Miss Constance Drever
Lydia Hawthorn	Miss Louie Pounds
Geoffrey Wilder	Mr. John Bardsley
Harry Sherwood	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin (his original part)
Lurcher	Mr. Arthur Williams (his original part)
Squire Bantam	Mr. Lemprière Pringle
Mrs. Privett	Miss Emily Spiller
Lady Betty	Miss Betty Hardress

THE HICKS THEATRE

February 17, 1909

"THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE"

By SEYMOUR HICKS
Music by FRANK E. TOURS. *Lyrics by* ADRIAN ROSS

The Chevalier de Matignon	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
The Baron de Bellechasse	SAM WALSH
Lieutenant Armand de Soliveau (of the King's Dragoons)	FRANK WILSON
An Officer of the Dragoons	HENRY FRANKISS
Dubois, Merlac } Richelieu's valets	LAWRENCE CAIRD, FREDERICK VIGAY
Lepas (a dancing master)	M. PROTTI
Moulinet (a hairdresser)	HUGHES CROISE
Fleury (a florist)	CHARLES LE GALLEY
Canif (a manicurist)	ROLAND CHESTER
The Abbé de la Touche (Richelieu's tutor)	COURTICE POUNDS
The Duchesse de Bourgogne	LOUIE POUNDS
The Duchesse de Noailles	MAUD MILTON
Diane de Noailles (Richelieu's wife)	ELIZABETH FIRTH
Cesarine de Noce (a maid of honour)	CORALIE BLYTHE
The Baronne de Bellechasse	FLORENCE WOOD
Mlle Geńevieve de Fauvepre	MAY KENNEDY
Mlle Juliette de Lanbriet	DORIS STOCKER
Mlle Antoinette de Preselles	RENIE GOLDIE
Mlle Marie de Mortemer	MARIE BRENDA
Mlle Celestine de Gallifet	CARINA CLIFF
Mlle Claire de Viennez	MABEL WATSON
Mlle Madeleine de Maugars	ROSIE CHESNEY
Mlle Violette des Vaux	DINI GRAHAM
Mlle Cecile du Grand Vivier	NELLIE PRYOR
Mlle Elise de Gontaut	MILLICENT FIELD
Mlle Helene de Laundal	GWENDOLINE D'ARCY
Mlle Therese de Belair	EILEEN CHISHOLM
and	
The Duc de Richelieu	ELLALINE TERRISS

VARIETY HOUSES

September 27, 1909

"SYDNEY CARTON"

Adapted by J. Soane-Roby *from "A Tale of Two Cities," by* Charles Dickens

Lucie Darnay	Miss Kate Lofting
Solomon Barsad	Mr. Maynard Brown
Charles Darnay	Mr. G. Soane-Roby
Jacques Despard	Mr. Martin Moore
Jean Picard	Mr. G. Bailey
Pierre L'Estrange	Mr. Robert Leslie
Sydney Carton	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin

STRAND THEATRE

April 30, 1910

"TWO MERRY MONARCHS"

The book by ARTHUR ANDERSON *and* GEORGE LEVY
Lyrics by ARTHUR ANDERSON *and* HARTLEY CARRICK
Music by ORLANDO MORGAN

Rolandyl (Postmaster-General and Assessor of Taxes)	"SMITH"
King Utops of Utopia	Mr. LENNOX PAWLE
King Paul of Esperanto	Mr. ROBERT WHYTE, Junr.
Helvanoise (a herald)	Mr. LESLIE STILES
Mandamus (Lord Chief Justice of Utopia	Mr. NEVILLE GEORGE
Head Flunkey (at the Palace)	Mr. FRANCIS PATER
Princess Cynthia (adopted daughter of King Paul)	Miss DAISY LE HAY
Iris (principal lady-in-waiting)	Miss ALMA BARBER
Caroline (a public agitator)	Miss LILY MILLS
Dorothy, Hermia, Gretchen, Jean, Carmenita, Celeste — ladies-in-waiting to Princess Cynthia	Miss AILEEN PEEL, Miss ELLA DAINCOURT, Miss JOSSET LEGH, Miss JOAN ADAIR, Miss BETTY HEAPS, Miss ADELINE WATERLOW
and	
Prince Charmis (Governor of Police)	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE

November 5, 1910

"THE QUAKER GIRL"

A Musical Play in Three Acts
By James T. Tanner
Lyrics by Adrian Ross *and* Percy Greenbank
Music by Lionel Monckton

Captain Charteris (King's messenger) .	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Jeremiah (a Quaker) . . .	Mr. James Blakeley
Monsieur Duhamel (Minister of State)	Mr. Herbert Ross
Prince Carlo (affianced to Princess Mathilde)	Mr. G. Carvey
Monsieur Larose (Chief of Police, Paris)	Mr. D. J. Williams
William (waiter at "The Chequers") .	Mr. E. H. Wynne
Nathaniel Pym (a Quaker) . .	Mr. Henry Kitts
Jarge (a village crier) . . .	Mr. George Bellamy
and	
Tony Chute (Naval Attaché at American Embassy, Paris) . .	Mr. Joseph Coyne
Phoebe (maid to Princess Mathilde) .	Miss Grace Leigh
Princess Mathilde (an exiled Bonapartist princess) . . .	Miss Elsie Spain
Diane (a Parisian actress) . .	Miss Phyllis le Grand
Madame Blum (of the Maison Blum) .	Mlle Caumont
Mrs. Lukin (landlady of "The Chequers")	Miss Luna Love
Rachel Pym (a Quakeress) . .	Miss Jennie Rickards
Toinette, Gaby, Cleo, Liane, Louise — Employees of Maison Blum	Mlle Gina Palerme, Miss Irene Warren, Miss Kitty Melrose, Miss Mabel Duncan, Miss Marie West
and	
Prudence (a Quaker girl) . .	Miss Gertie Millar

TOUR OF

"THE BOY SCOUT"

May 20, 1912

A Comedy with Music

By Arthur Branscombe *and* George Fearnley

Lieutenant Richard Meredith, R.N.	Hayden Coffin
Percy Fitzwinney (Miss Amesbury's cousin)	Herbert Sparling
Baron Deschamps (Pauline's father)	Evelyn Vernon
Rivers (a man-servant)	Fred Trott
"Old Joe" (a tramp)	Cecil A. Collins
Suli (an Indian servant)	D. M'Arthur
Gwendoline Amesbury (a wealthy parvenue)	Mildred Cottell
Rose Boyton (an orphan)	Margery Gray
Mrs. Meredith (Richard's mother)	Grace Lester
Claire (a guest)	Ivy Knight
"Paul" (the Boy Scout)	
Pauline (Baron Deschamps' daughter)	Marie George

SAVOY THEATRE

November 15, 1912

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY,

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER

Orsino	ARTHUR WONTNER
Sebastian	DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY
Antonio	HERBERT HEWETSON
A Sea Captain	DOUGLAS MUNRO
Valentine	COWLEY WRIGHT
Curio	FRANK CONROY
Sir Toby Belch	ARTHUR WHITBY
Sir A. Aguecheek	LEON QUARTERMAINE
Malvolio	HENRY AINLEY
Fabian	H. O. NICHOLSON
Feste	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Priest	EDGAR PLAYFORD
First Officer	FRANCIS ROBERTS
Second Officer	HERBERT ALEXANDER
Servant	NEVILLE GARTSIDE
Olivia	EVELYN MILLARD
Maria	LEAH BATEMAN HUNTER
Viola	LILLAH M'CARTHY

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

April 12, 1913

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

By Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Sir Peter Teazle	Herbert Tree
Sir Oliver Surface	A. E. George
Sir Harry Bumper	Harry Williams
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Nigel Playfair
Joseph Surface	Philip Merivale
Charles Surface	Matheson Lang
Careless	C. Hayden Coffin
Snake	Ben Field
Crabtree	J. Fisher White
Rowley	Henry Morrell
Moses	G. W. Anson
Sir Toby	Roy Byford
Trip	Stanley Howlett
Servant to Joseph	Alexander Sarner
Lady Teazle	Phyllis Neilson-Terry
Mrs. Candour	Rose Edouin
Maid to Lady Teazle	Winifred Fitch
Maria	Marie Hemingway
Maid to Lady Sneerwell	Irene Delisse
Lady Sneerwell	Frances Dillon

OXFORD MUSIC HALL

September 22, 1913.

"NOBBY, V.C."

A Musical Sketch

Words and Music by Miss Daisy M'Geoch

Nurse	Gladys Doree Thorne
Captain M'Killoth	John Browne
Sloppy	Sam Walsh
Nobby	Hayden Coffin

LITTLE THEATRE

April 11, 1914

"BRER RABBIT AND MR. FOX"

Adapted from the story of "Uncle Remus" by Mrs. Percy Dearmer
Music by Martin Shaw

Uncle Remus	Mr. Frank G. Dunn
John	Jesson Roy
Mary	Joan Carr
Bear	Mr. Allen Glen
Fox	Mr. Stanley Roberts
Rabbit	Marjorie Coulson
Tarrypin	Fabia Drake
King Deer	Mr. Arthur Cleave
King Deer's daughter	Fay Lilman
Mr. Kildee	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
Mr. Man	Mr. Harry Alexander
Miss Janey	Doris Prosser
Miss Meadows	Miss Evangeline Hilliard
Sindy	Miss Evelyn Althans

NEW THEATRE

October 21, 1915

"STOP, THIEF!"

By CARLYLE MOORE

Joan Carr	Miss MARGARET SWALLOW
Mrs. Carr	Miss MARIE ILLINGTON
Caroline Carr	Miss CICELY TEMPLE
Madge Carr	Miss ELSIE STRANACK
Nell	Miss GERTRUDE LANG
William Carr	Mr. FREDERICK VOLPE
James Cluney	Mr. MARSH ALLEN
Mrs. Jamison	Mr. SYDNEY PAXTON
Dr. Willoughby	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Rev. Mr. Spelain	Mr. J. H. BREWER
Jack Doogan	Mr. PERCY HUTCHISON
Joe Thompson	Mr. F. G. THURSTANS
Sergeant of Police	Mr. FRANK LACY
Police Officer O'Malley	Mr. FRED FORREST
Police Officer Clancy	Mr. HENRY DANIELL
Police Officer Casey	Mr. WILLIAM ALBERT
Police Officer O'Brien	Mr. HENRY SALVER
Chauffeur	Mr. M. PROCTOR

"THE BEST MAN"

By DAISY M'GEOCH *and* CECIL JAMES

Bride	Miss ELSIE SPAIN
Bridegroom	Mr. FRANK LACY
Best Man	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN

DALY'S THEATRE

December 23, 1916

"YOUNG ENGLAND"

The Play by BASIL HOOD
The Music by G. H. CLUTSAM *and* HUBERT BATH

Francis Drake	HARRY DEARTH
John Oxenham	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Sir George Sydenham	FRANK BARCLAY
William Courtenay	HERBERT CAVE
Tom Moon	WALTER PASSMORE
Sam Best	AMBROSE MANNING
Harry Sydenham	EDWARD BENFIELD
The Beadle of Plymouth	ARNOLD BELL
John Doughty	LEONARD SHEPHERD
An Ostler	S. WOODIN
A Drawer	C. RIDLEY
A Verger	T. STETFORD
Eli Penwhistle	B. LEEDS
Queen Elizabeth	DORIS WOODALL
Betty Sydenham	CLARA BUTTERWORTH
Joan	DOROTHY JAY
Tib	ROY WILSON

APOLLO THEATRE

December 4, 1917

"MASTER WAYFARER"

Book by J. E. HAROLD TERRY. *Songs by* SCOTT CRAVEN
Music by HOWARD CARR

The Maid	Miss ELSIE STRANACK
The Man	Mr. ALFRED PAUMIER
The Villain	Mr. ERIC COWLEY
The Wayfarer	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

January 24, 1918

"VALENTINE"

Book by ARTHUR DAVENPORT *and* CHARLES WIBROW
(*With acknowledgments to* ARTHUR STURGESS)
Lyrics by ARTHUR DAVENPORT

Valentine (*alias* Will of the Woods: *alias* Master Zero—a girl who doesn't know it) . . .	Miss MARJORIE GORDON
Gastircus (Duke of Camelello, Regent of Milcannia) . . .	Mr. WALTER PASSMORE
Citizen Dulacq (Leader of the Socialist Party)	Mr. CHARLES WEST
Gaston Dulacq (his son) . .	Mr HAYDEN COFFIN
Count Pertino (son of the Duke) .	Mr. BRUCE WINSTON
Broquello (a peasant) . . .	Mr. HENRY A. MATHER
Captain Odias (of the King's Guards—a poet)	Mr. STEPHEN BOND
Dr. Fubsius (court physician) . .	Mr. LEONARD CALVERT
Baron Boldero (one of the old *noblesse*) .	Mr. ARTHUR JACKSON
Pim (an innkeeper) . . .	Miss IVY DEWEY
Pomme (groom of the Chambers) .	Miss GWEN CARTON
Paffe (a herald)	Mr. ARTHUR REMEY
Starcus (a mountaineer) . . .	Mr. JULIAN THOMAS
Diana, Queen of Vimbos (an amazon) .	Miss MABEL TWEMLOW
Pomona (Duchess of Calomello—Pessimist)	Miss HAMLEY-CLIFFORD
Baroness Boldero (another of the old *noblesse*)	Miss MARGUERITE WEDLAKE
Princess Gratsia, Princess Patsia (eldest twin daughters of the late King Milcannia)	Miss PRUE TEMPLE, Miss GERTRUDE KAY
Prosia (a major of Hussars from Vimbos)	Miss GWLADYS SOMAN
Caressa (Broquello's daughter) . .	Miss DORIS DEAN
Princess Petunia, Princess Sheila (other daughters of the late King of Milcannia)	Miss FLORENCE LEIGH, Miss HILDA BELLAMY
Princess Teresa, Princess Felice (other daughters of the late King of Milcannia)	Miss BEATRICE GOMEZ, Miss EVELYN ROSE

TOUR OF

"THE GAY TROUVILLE"

April 24, 1919

By MARK BLOW *and* BEN LANDECK
Music by RICHARD CLEVELAND. *Lyrics by* S. PATERSON TUCKER
Additional Music and Lyrics by HOWARD CARR *and* C. E. BURTON

Francis (Duke of Mull)	Mr. LOUIS BRADFIELD
Gideon P. Leach (an American millionaire)	Mr. HARRY BRAYNE
Washington Leach (his son)	Mr. ALGERNON ESSEX
Prince Sergius Zouroff	Mr. HARRY PEGG CARR
Albert (Duke of Mull's valet)	Mr. HARRY KENDALL
Lord Jura	Mr. JAMES F. HENRY
Felix (manager of the Casino)	Mr. ANTHONY HOPE
Lord Eustace	Mr. BILLY DAVIS
Frank Sinclair	Mr. ALBERT WAYNE
and	
Raphael Corrèze (an opera singer)	Mr HAYDEN COFFIN
Lady Dolly	Miss ETHEL NEWMAN
Vere Herbert (Lady Dolly's step-daughter)	Miss PEGGY SHANNON
Adele	Miss LOUIE RENEE
Fifinette (a dancer)	Miss MARJORIE WELFORD
Julie (Lady Dolly's maid)	Miss BONNIE DALTON
Lady Mabel	Miss BERYL COOPER
Hon. Trixie	Miss HOPE DORICE
Lady Alice	Miss IVY IRWIN
Lucille	Miss LILY CHATFIELD
Estelle	Miss EVIE IRELAND
Floretta	Miss PEGGY FOREY
Francesca	Miss DOLLY INGLE
Toujours	Miss EVE HAMPTON
and	
Fuschia Leach (an American heiress)	Miss DOREE THORNE

TOUR OF

"THE PURPLE MASK"

September 1, 1919

By MATHESON LANG
Freely adapted from "Le Chevalier au Masque," *by* PAUL ARMONT *and* JEAN MANOUSSI

A Dandy	A. C. TORRE
Another Dandy	C. SHAW
A Customer	BETTY WHITE
Constance (a shop assistant)	DOREEN GILBERT
Another Customer	EDITH KNIGHT
Majolin (proprietor of the haberdasher's shop)	ALBERT RAYNOR
Irene (a shop assistant)	ADA WALKER
Laurette (a niece of Majolin's)	MAY FAIRCLOUGH
Dominique (errand boy in Majolin's shop)	RICHARD SEATON
Captain Lavernais (captain of Hussars)	LEON TAVRE
Fouche (the Prefect of Police)	J. P. KENNEDY
Brisquet (the police agent)	LEWIS GILBERT
Valentine (a lodger in Majolin's shop)	OLIVE WHITNEY
The Abbé Brochard	C. C. HODGES
Armand (Comte de Treveires)	HAYDEN COFFIN
Roche (lieutenant of Hussars)	ARTHUR KNIGHT
Germaine (servant at Everux)	J. TWISON
Mme Anais (housekeeper at Everux)	EDITH KNIGHT
Sabine (a servant girl at Everux)	RUBY HILDRITON
Bernard (a servant at Everux)	E. F. SAXON
Brigadier Maillard	E. E. CANNON
Brigadier Carron	A. J. ROBERTSHAW
The Vicomte de Morsanne	ALAN J. HOLLIES
The Baron de Vibonne	REG. VINCENT
Bastien (a servant at St. Cloud)	W. DOUBELLE
Sergeant of Gendarmes	SIDNEY BARNES
Citizeness Badout	MRS. FAIRCLOUGH
Plouraac (keeper of the toll-house)	J. ROBERTS
Captain of the Gendarmes	J. STANLEY
The Duc de Chateaubriand	E. F. SAXON

EMPIRE THEATRE

March 12, 1921

"THE REBEL MAID"

By MONTAGUE PHILLIPS
Book by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON. *Lyrics by* GERALD DALTON

Derek Lanscombe (Commander of the rebel cutter *Curlew*)	THORPE BATES
Lord Milverton (his uncle, Commissioner for King James)	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Sir Stephen Crespigny, Royal Commissioner for King James)	LESLIE CARTER
Captain Percy Jerome	CHARLES CHAMIER
Septimus Bunkle (an innkeeper)	WILLIAM CROMWELL
Solomon Hooker (Derek's servant)	WALTER PASSMORE
Sam (a fisherman)	REGINALD SHERIDAN
Roger (a yokel)	FREDERICK MAY
William, Prince of Orange	GEORGE IDE
Sergeant	ROBERT VINCENT
Lady Elizabeth Weston	ADA BLANCHE
Abigail (Lady Mary's maid)	BETTY CHESTER
Dorothy	MADELEINE SPICER
Maid (to Lord Milverton)	DAISY REVETT
Lady Mary Trefusis (known as Snow Bunting, the rebel maid)	CLARA BUTTERWORTH

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

May 29, 1923

"OLIVER CROMWELL"

By JOHN DRINKWATER

Mrs. Cromwell (Oliver's mother)	IRENE ROOKE
Elizabeth Cromwell (his wife)	CLARE HARRIS
Bridget Cromwell (his daughter)	MARY O'FARRELL
John Hampden	HARCOURT WILLIAMS
Henry Ireton	MILTON ROSMER
Oliver Cromwell	HENRY AINLEY
Seth Tanner	MURRAY KINNELL
Two Agents to the Earl of Bedford	H. FISHER WHITE S. ALEXANDER
Amos Tanner	HAYDEN COFFIN
A Member of Parliament	DOUGLAS JEFFERIES
The Speaker of the House of Commons	J. ADRIAN BYRNE
Bassett (an officer of the House)	SYDNEY BLAND
The Mayor of Ely	W. A. LANGLEY
General Fairfax	DOUGLAS JEFFERIES
Colonel Staines	J. ADRIAN BYRNE
Colonel Pemberton	ALGERNON BLACKWOOD
An Aide	FELIX IRWIN
A Surgeon	W. EDWARDS
Neal (secretary to Charles)	ALEXANDER SARNER
Charles I.	WILLIAM J. REA

LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

October 28, 1925

"LIONEL AND CLARISSA"

By Isaac Bickerstaffe. *Music by* Dibdin

Rearranged by Alfred Reynolds

Sir John Flowerdale	Herbert Waring
Colonel Oldboy	Nigel Playfair
Lionel	Wilfred Temple
Mr. Jessamy	Rupert Bruce
Harman	Ivan Samson
Jenkins	C. Hayden Coffin
A Man-servant	Julian Browne
Clarissa	Olive Groves
Lady Mary Oldboy	Lottie Venne
Diana	Stella Seager
Jenny	Nadine March
A Maid	Joan Pitt Chatham

TOUR OF

"LIONEL AND CLARISSA"

August 9, 1926

Sir John Flowerdale	Rupert Lister
Colonel Oldboy	Ambrose Manning
Lionel	Manuel Jones
Mr. Jessamy	James Davis
Harman	Charles Meleny
Jenkins	C. Hayden Coffin
A Man-servant	Mervyn Dene
A Maid	Dorothy Cottesmore
Lady Mary Oldboy	Louie Pounds
Diana	Leonora Hilton
Jenny	Dora Barnes
Clarissa	Wilma Berkeley

Staged by Hayden Coffin

OPERA HOUSE, MANCHESTER

May 18, 1929

"THE DAMASK ROSE"

A *Musical Romance based on the themes of* CHOPIN, *adapted and composed with Lyrics by* G. H. CLUTSAM

Book by G. H. CLUTSAM *and* ROBERT COURTNEIDGE

Stanislas Poniatowski	PERCY HEMING
Count Karol Tarlo	GEOFFREY LOVATT
Count Theodore Volny	WALTER PASSMORE
Casimir Kremer	JOHN KELLY
Jan	TEDO MILES
The Pedlar	HAYDEN COFFIN
Prince Dolgourki	TOM SHELFORD
Wanda Volny	WILMA BERKELEY
Maryta Kremer	JUDY SKINNER
The Countess Maria Orzesco	AMY AUGARDE
The Russian Ambassador	DURWARD LELY, JUNR.
The Austrian Ambassador	COLIN GENT
Baron Petroff	ERIC GRENIER
Lieutenant Serge Saronoff	FRED TONGE
Captain Nikolas Krotsky	H. A. SUDBURY
Selim	FEH HUME
Panyi	JESSAMY LODGE
Valya	THELMA BARTONI
Lisa	CELIA ORDOVA
Olga	VIVIENNE HOPE
Sonia	A. SNOWDEN

KINGSWAY THEATRE, LONDON

November 28, 1929

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

By Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Lady Sneerwell	Grizelda Hervey
Snake	Arthur D. Layland
Joseph Surface	Ian Fleming
Maria	Margaret Hood
Mrs. Candour	Mary Mayfren
Crabtree	Stanley Lathbury
Sir Benjamin Backbite	John Charlton
Sir Peter Teazle	Frank Cellier
Lady Teazle	Angela Baddeley
Rowley	Alfred A. Harris
Sir Oliver Surface	Edgar K. Bruce
Moses	Richard Goolden
Charles Surface	Henry Hewitt
Careless	Atholl Fleming
Sir Harry Bumper	Hayden Coffin

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